Beaver & Gephart

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Busy all the time. **Every Bid a Sale**

ELSIE'S RIGHTS.

'It's a nice farm,' said Mr. Hubbard Spruce, as he stood on the top of Chalk Hill, from whose peak Chalk Farm lay spread out before him like a panoramic display. 'A very nice farm. No nicer in the neighborhood.'

'And a house with all the modern improvements,' said Mrs. Spruce, her thin lips widening into a spasmodic smile. 'It does seem as if luck had reached us at last!'

'And we can keep a hired girl, ma, can't we?' said Helena Elvira Spruce, who had her gowns made long and straight, with little ruffles around the skirt, and big shoulder-puffs, to look 'spirituelle.' 'It's such drudgery to wash dishes and scrape frying-pans!'

'Of course!' observed Mrs. Spruce. "I am sorry for my poor stepson, Paul. But Paul would have been alive now if he had taken my advice and stayed at home, instead of going out to Nevada, silver-hunting.'

'Paul was always a headstrong boy,' said Mr. Spruce, smoothing down the crape band on his straw hat—'always!"

And so the Spruce family came down the hill, through the sweet pine woods, softly carpeted with tiny pine needles, and across fields all golden with buttercups, to the snug farm house under the monster sycamore trees.

And there, on the steps, sat a pretty young girl, seemingly not more than eighteen or nineteen years old, with a traveling bag in her lap, and a black barege veil fluttering in the evening breeze. Her dress was of cheap, black material; her face pale and worn, as if with fatigue. She rose hurriedly up as they approached.

'Have I come to the right place?' said she. 'Does Mr. Spruce live here?'

Mr. Hubbard Spruce cleared his throat sonorously.

'Young woman,' said he, 'my name is Spruce.'

The girl burst into tears.

'Please—please, then, be kind to me,' faltered she. 'I am your son Paul's widow.'

And as she spoke she came up to him, holding out both trembling hands.

'There's some mistake here,' said Mr. Spruce, unfolding a big, red-silk handkerchief. 'Paul's wife died in Nevada, a few weeks after his death.'

'No, she did not,' said the young woman. 'She's here now. I was very, very ill—they gave up all hopes of me. But I did not die.'

"Humph!' said Mr. Spruce, while his wife and daughter got behind him, eyeing the stranger with cold, unsympathetic eyes. 'This is a very remarkable story. I am inclined, young woman, to believe it all fabrication. I'm very much afraid that you are an impostor!'

A deep-red flush rose to the girl's face.

'I can prove that I am not that,' said she. 'I have the papers here in my bag. I thought, as a matter of course, that Paul's parents would be good to me. There was no one else for me to go to.'

Mr. Spruce's face turned all manner of colors as he looked at the little packet of papers which she extended to him.

'Upon my word,' said he, 'this is very extraordinary! Julia,' to his wife, 'I am constrained to believe that this young woman really is Paul's widow.'

Mrs. Spruce dropped a stiff courtesy.

'How do you do, Mrs. Paul?" said she.

'You will call me Elsie, wont you?' said the girl, appealingly. 'And this is Paul's sister?'

'His half-sister,' corrected Miss Helena Elvira. 'We never were at all alike. Ma was only his step-mother, and I scarcely remember him.'

'And,' added Mrs. Spruce, querulously, 'it did seem as if Paul had made us enough trouble one way and another without dying and bequeathing us a wife to take care of.'

'Julia,' said Mr. Spruce, pompously, 'we must not question the will of providence. Come here, Elsie, kiss me. We'll do the best we can for you—always taking it for granted that you mean to earn your own living, and not be dependent upon us?'

'I will do my best,' said Elsie. 'I am a good little housekeeper. Paul always said that my cooking was excellent, and I made all his shirts with my own hands.'

'Very sensible—very sensible!' said Mr. Spruce. 'And now mother, let's go in. I suppose Elsie can have the little end-room close to the shed?'

'I was calculating to keep my flour and stores there,' said Mrs. Spruce, sourly. 'But I guess I can manage. Come, Elsie; I'll show you where all the things are kept, and then you can get supper for us. Helena Elvira isn't very strong, and I am very tired.'

'I shall be so glad to be of use!' said Mrs. Paul Spruce, wistfully.

While she was taking off her things in the cell-like room assigned to her, Mrs. Spruce, senior, came tiptoeing back to where Hubbard still stood on the grassy green, mechanically wiping the perspiration from his forehead, staring around him in a glassy-eyed sort of way.

'Hubbard!' said she, in a low voice.

'Well?' retorted the farmer.

'Do you s'pose she knows it?'

'Knows what?'

'That this farm and the ten thousand dollars in money were left to Paul by his Uncle Wethersbee?'

'Of course she don't!' said the old man, looking around, as if fearful lest some one should overhear the words. 'How should she?'

'Are you going to tell her, Hubbard?'

He turned short around, with a growl like that of an incensed wild animal.

'What do you take me for?' said he. 'Of course,' suddenly altering his tone into smooth plausibility, I have the best interests of Paul's widow at heart. She shall be provided for. She shall never want. But what does a woman know about business?'

'Of course!' said Mrs. Spruce, with a sigh of relief—'of course!'

So Paul's widow settled down in the Spruce household as a sort of patient, much enduring drudge, willing to do everything, and anxious only to gain a kind word or a smile.

Miss Helena Elvira treated her in a cavalier sort of way, as she might have treated the 'hired girl' for whom her soul had longed.

And grateful little Elsie accepted it all, thankful for any crumb of occasional kindness flung her, and training herself not to expect too much from these undemonstrative connections,.

But their paths one day came in collision.

'You were going to the singing school tonight, Elsie!' said Helena Elvira, sharply. 'But you can't! The minister is coming here to tea, some one must be on hand to wash the dishes.'

'Joab Whitely asked me to go with him,' said Elsie, with drooping lashes, 'and I thought—'

'Joab Whitely, indeed!' angrily retorted Helena Elvira. 'I'd like to know what business a widow like you has to be careering around the country with Joab Whitely, or any other young man!'

'Is it wrong?' breathlessly asked Elsie. 'Oh, Helena Elvira! But Paul has been dead a year now, and, after all, I am only eighteen.'

'Quite old enough to know better,' said Helena Elvira. 'I'll go with Joab, and explain it all to him. It's quite impossible for ma to spare you."

'But he didn't ask you!' flashed out Elsie.

Helena Elvira laughed—a hard, crackling laugh.

'Jealous, eh?' said she. 'But you may as well spare yourself the trouble, Elsie. Joab Whitely never would care for you.'

In the Spruce household Helena Elvira's will was law, and Elsie found herself compelled to submit.

She was washing dishes, sorrowfully and alone, in the kitchen, that evening, wondering why she should be placed outside the pale of human enjoyments and affections, when, unexpectedly enough, the door opened, and in walked honest Joab himself.

'Is it true, Elsie Spruce?' said he. 'Didn't you really want to go to singing-school with me to-night?'

'Oh Joab!—who told you that?' exclaimed Elsie, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry.

'Why, Helena Elvira, of course.'

'It was not true, Joab!' whispered Elsie.

'Of course it wasn't!' said he. 'I might have known it. She is a false, treacherous human cat; and you Elsie—well, you are the sweetest little darling in all the world, and it goes to my very heart to see you drudging and toiling here, like a slave! Be my wife, Elsie—come home to the Old Red Cottage with me—and you shall live as a lady should!'

What could Elsie Spruce answer but yes?

And it was not until half an hour of blissful lover talk had passed that she remembered herself sufficiently to cry out:

'But, what will Mr. and Mrs. Spruce say? It will cost Mr. Spruce so much to hire a girl to take my place, and Mrs. Spruce is firmly convinced that—that you are in love with Helena Elvira!'

'Bother Mr. Spruce!' said Joab, recklessly; 'and Mrs. Spruce must unconvince herself the best way she can. Helena Elvira, indeed! Why, I'd as soon marry yonder clothes-post!'

But Joab Whitely had hardly calculated upon the energy of the domestic storm which spent itself upon poor Elsie when the actual truth transpired. Helena Elvira sobbed, wept, and declared herself the victim of a foul conspiracy.

'I felt a cold chill creep all over me when first I set my eyes on that girl, six months ago,' she bewailed herself. 'I knew she was a serpent, fated to sap my life's blood!'

'Elsie!' said Mrs. Spruce, sternly, 'you must either give up this young man or leave this house!'

'I can't give up Joab!' said Elsie, bursting into tears. 'I love Joab!'

'I never heard anything so inmodest in my life!' shrieked Helena Elvira.

'The only way to settle this question,' said Joab, when he heard of the general commotion, 'is for me and Elsie to get married at once."

But Mrs. Spruce herself visited the Old Red Cottage in Helena Elvira's behalf.

'I don't think you understand exactly how matters are situated, Joab,' she said, with her most maternal smile. 'Our dear Helena Elvira—who is all shrinking modesty and clinging affection—will inherit the whole of Chalk Farm and ten thousand dollars in hard cash the very day that she marries.'

'But what is that to me?' said Joab Whitely, drumming his fingers on the window-sill. 'I hope she may be happily married, but—'

'And,' breathlessly added Mrs. Spruce, 'Paul's widow has nothing but the gown she stands up in!'

'What of that?' said Joab, stoutly. 'I love her—and she loves me!'

'Well,' said Mrs. Spruce, tartly, 'if you are determined to make fools of yourselves, you can do so.'

And thus speaking, she shook the dust of the Old Red Cottage off her feet in disgust.

But when she reached Chalk Farm once more, her husband was sitting in the best room, with his head in his hands, and a face as pale as ashes, while opposite him stood a spare, wrinkled, elderly man in black.

Mrs. Spruce stopped on the threshold just in time to hear the concluding words of the stranger's sentence.

'According to your own account of it, Hubbard Spruce," he said, 'you have been defrauding this girl of her legal rights. You have been swindling her systematically and deliberately. You have laid yourself open to the severest penalty of the law!'

'Don't, Mr. Payne—don't!' interposed Elsie, who had advanced out of the shadowy angle of the room. 'He is my father-in-law! He has been good to me!'

'He has behaved like a scoundrel!' sternly said Mr. Payne. 'And it only remains for you to lodge an accusation in order that he may be placed in the prison cell that he richly deserves!'

But Elsie put her arms around Hubbard Spruce's shoulder, as if to shield him.

'Never!' she said.

'Thank God for that word, Elsie!' said Mrs. Spruce, hurrying forward. 'Your father-in-law meant no harm. He always intended, some time, to give it back to you. What is this lawyer doing here?'

'He is the gentleman who always had charge of the Chalk Hill estates,' said Elsie. 'He came to see me about buying some more land. This is the first I knew of—of poor Paul's property. But, oh, father, mother!' with a pleading voice, 'it makes no difference to me. No one shall ever know."

But to Helena Elvira's warped nature, Elsie's sweet forgiveness was more bitter than the sharpest revenge could have been.

The Spruce family moved out of Chalk Farm back to the little one storied house whence they had originally come, and left Elsie and Joab Whitely in possession of their rightly domain.

'It's all Paul's widow's fault?' sobbed Helena Elvira.

'Hush!' sternly uttered her father. 'You talk like a fool! Don't you know that to us she has been an angel of forgiveness?'—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

The Skin of the Earth.

We talk a good deal about boring and digging into the bowels of the earth. It is a mistake. We have never reached the bowels of the earth any more than the bill of a gnat that pricks you on the abdomen reaches your bowels.

The human skin is about one two hundredth and fiftieth of the diameter of the body; allow the earth proportionately thick and it will be 30 miles through.

The deepest borings have been about half, not through the false or outer layer of skin; not near to the cutis vera. The highest mountains have only shown us what may be about one fifteenth the thickness of the earth's skin. Could we go through this thick hide into the real flesh and blood of the earth what wonders might be discovered!

At the last session of congress there was a movement to get an appropriation to bore a hole as deep as it could possibly be made under the direction of the best engineers, but failed. Money so appropriated would be spent to much better purpose than that appropriated for explorations to the north pole and many other objects.

The heat and gasses of the earth's interior are to be forces of the future for motor power, lightening and healing. A bore 10, 15, 20, 30 miles deep may be impossible, but he is not wise who says impossible of anything within human endeavor.

We simply mean that, since so much has been discovered by merely scratching and puncturing the false skin of the earth, might not wonderful results be obtained by reaching through its skin.

The Use of Loons.

A Western paper says: The crazy screams of the loon are heard again through the silent watches of the night and at early morn. Seven were seen sporting themselves in Pigeon Lake the other morning. It will be a good thing if they become numerous around here, as they will make magnificent sport for the innocent shootists who come in the summer with their kits. If there is anything that will tickle a loon half to death, it is to get a pair of breech-loading, nickel-mounted, double and twist, brown canvas, copper riveted throughout, city sportsmen after him. He will stand on his head and kick at the clouds with delight. He will sit on the water like an old-fashioned three decker, with his off eye shut and his beak on the grin, till the city chap thinks that if he can't blow that galoot clean out of the water at the first pop it would be useless his shooting at a barn. Then he draws up, holds his breath, shuts his eyes, and pops. So likewise does the loon, and while the sport is confusedly looking for the pieces, the loon comes up within four feet and a half of the boat and laughs—a wild lunatic laugh, that would put unholy thoughts into the very best church deacon that ever lived. Then the rowing and shooting commences, and if the loon does not take at least five hours' hilarious fun out of them, why, he must be a young one and not feeling extra well. Yes, loons should be encouraged.

The Lover Could Not Stand the Test.

"Do you see that row of poplars on the Canadian shore, standing apparently at equal distance apart?" asked a grave-faced man of a group of passengers on the Fort Erie ferry boat.

The group nodded ascent.

"Well, there's quite a story connected with those trees," he continued. "Some years ago there lived on the bluff in Buffalo, overlooking the river a very wealthy banker, whose only daughter was beloved by a young surveyor. The old man was inclined to question the professional skill of young rod and level, and put to him the test, directed him to set out, on the Dominion shore, a row of trees no two of which should be farther apart than any other two. The trial proved the inefficiency and forthwith he was forbidden the house, and in despair drowned himself in the river. Perhaps some of you gentlemen with keen eyes can tell which two trees are furthest apart."

The group took a critical view of the situation and each member selected a different pair of trees. Finally after much discussion, an appeal was taken to the solemn faced stranger to solve the problem.

"The first and the last," said he, calmly resuming his cigar and walking away with the air of sage.

A MAN entered a little Rock Bank and presented a check which read: 'Pay to bearer the sum of ten dollars.' The cashier took the check, looked at it, and said, 'The check is perfectly good, but you'll have to get someone to identify you.' 'What is the use?' the man replied; don't you see that it says 'Pay to bearer?' 'Yes, but you must prove that you are the bearer.'

Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

'I had to work to-night.'

'What do you work for a living?' she inquired in astonishment.

'Certainly,' replied the young man, 'I am a mechanic.'

'I dislike the name of mechanic,' and she turned up her pretty nose.

This was the last time the young man visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for a wife.

The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grogshops—and the soft, verdant, silly, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are but well dressed loafers. We pity any girl who is so verdant, so soft to think less of a young man for being a mechanic—one of God's noble men—the most dignified and honorable personage of heaven's creatures.

Beware, young man for being a mechanic—one of God's noble men who work for a living, for you may one of these days be a menial to one of them. Far better to discharge the wellfed pauper with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness and pomposity, and to take to your affection the callous-handed, industrious mechanic.

Thousands have bitterly repented their folly who have turned their back on honest industry. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.

Simulating Death.

Some persons have possessed the power of simulating death, but it is a dangerous experiment, and the story is told of a college student who for the amusement of his comrades did this once too often. By the power of the will over the vital functions he had again and again lain down upon a sofa and fallen in a few minutes into his sportive death trance. He had always come back to activity within half an hour, but on this last occasion they grew alarmed at the long continuance of his trance. They called to him, but he did not answer; they shook him, but he did not awake. Their fellow student was really dead. It is narrated of Colonel Townshend, Rajah of Puttiali, in the Punjab, that he had this power of what doctors call voluntary hibernation. As some women faint away whenever they feel like doing so, so the gallant Colonel could 'die daily,' or whenever he pleased.

His heart, says the medical account of it, would cease to beat; there was no perceptible respiration; the body become cold and rigid, the eyes glassy and the features cadaverous. He would continue dead for several hours, and then come back to life. Dr. Cheyne says that Colonel Townshend told him that he could expire whenever he pleased and by an effort of his own will restore himself instantaneously to the living state. On one occasion he performed the experiment in the presence of three medical experts, one of whom kept his hand upon the Colonel's heart, while a second held his fingers on his wrist-pulse, and the third held a mirror before his month. They found all traces of pulsation and restoration gone, and were unanimous in their belief that he was actually dead, when he revived as easily as he had died, to their great astonishment.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Railroad Cat.

An engineer on the Wabash Railway whose run is between Danville and Springfield, has a cat which he would not part with for love or money. It belonged to his wife, who is now dead and for a year past it has been his constant companion in the cab. The cat loves its life on the rail, and has grown sleek and fat sniffing the paririe winds. Ordinarily it sits perched up in the cab window before its master, but occasionally it strolls out to the pilot, where it will ride for hours at a stretch, winking at the dogs which bark at the train as it thunders by the crossroads. Sometimes when the train is approaching a station the adventurous animal climbs to the top of the sand and clamly roosts there, undettered by the shriek of the whistle or the clang of the bell. The engine has good luck ever since the animal became an occupant of the cab, and the trainmen look upon it as a mascot against disaster.

BEYOND THE REACH OF GENIUS.—A young lady of my acquaintance was once present at a musical party where the lion of the evening was a celebrated flute player. After he had performed this young lady was presented to him, and there was a general silence in the room, which added to her natural embarrassment. She felt that she must say something pleasant, so, with a happy smile, she exclaimed: 'Oh, how delightful you play! Do you ever accompany yourself on the piano?'

The artist looked at his flute, then at his fingers, shrugged his shoulders, bowed low and said: 'Never.' After a moment she saw why everybody laughed.

TOMMY, walking with his father, saw him give a beggar five cents, and inquired into the matter.

'What did you give that man five cents for, papa?' asked Tommy.

'So that he might eat bread, my boy,' said the father.

That evening at the supper table it was observed that Tommy declined to eat any bread, in any shape.'

'Aren't you eating now-a-days, my boy?' his mother asked.

'No, mama.'

'Why not?'

'So papa'll give me five cents.'

TEACHER.—'How many zones are there?'

BOY.—'Six.'

'No, there are only five.'

'Yes, there are six.'

'Name them.'

'The torrid zone, the northern and southern temperate, and northern and southern frigid—'

'That's five; what is the other one?'

'O-zone.'

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30TH, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER

Democratic County Committee, 1887.

Bellefonte N. W.	H. Y. Stitzer.
S. W.	Edward Brown, Jr.
W. W.	James Schofield.
Howard Boro	A. Weber.
Milesburg Boro	A. C. Witherite.
Millheim Boro	A. A. Frank.
Centre Hall Boro	D. J. Meyer.
Philipsburg 1st W.	C. G. Herlinger.
2nd W.	Henry Lehman.
3rd W.	A. J. Graham.
Unionville Boro	A. J. Griest.
Benner twp	Thomas J. Frazer.
Boggs twp, N. P.	
" W. P.	Milligan Walker.
" E. P.	H. L. Harvey.
Burnside twp	Anson V. Dougherty.
College twp	John I. Williams.
Curtin twp	David Brickley.
Ferguson twp, E. P.	Henry Krebs.
" " W. P.	Frank Bowersox.
Gregg twp, S. P.	Hiram Grove.
" N. P.	Josiah C. Rossman.
Haines twp, E. P.	William E. Keen.
" W. P.	George W. Keister.
Half Moon twp	William T. Bailey.
Harris twp	Frank E. Weiland.
Howard twp	John Glenn.
Huston twp	William Irwin.
Liberty twp	William H. Gardner.
Marion twp	John Ishler.
Miles twp	A. N. Corman.
Patton twp	J. C. Eckley.
Penn twp	Wm. H. Kreamer.
Potter twp, N. P.	F. A. Foreman.
" S. P.	W. W. Royer.
Rush twp, S. P.	Jacob M. Clarr.
" N. P.	John B. Howe.
Snow Shoe, W. P.	Andrew J. Lucas.
" E. P.	James Redding.
Spring twp	William Woods.
Taylor twp	Wm Calderwook.
Walker twp	John H. Beck.
Worth twp	G. J. Woodring.
Union twp	Charles McGarvey.

H. Y. STITZER, Secretary.
JAMES A. McCLAIN, Chairman.

HIGH LICENSE is getting in its effects in Minneapolis. The new law which went into effect on July 1 caused a decrease from 500 to 149 applications for saloon licenses in that state, and the former saloon keepers begin to look around for something else to do.

THE democratic papers of Fayette county announce Charles E. Boyle, of Uniontown, as a candidate for the nomination for additional law judge in the Fayette and Greene judicial district. Mr. Boyle's record as a lawyer and as a democratic congressman is of the best kind. A man of his stamp is sure to make a good judge and if elected his district need not fear a bungling administration of the functions of the court.

IT may not be true that Dr. McGlynn called himself the "Martin Luther of the Nineteenth Century," but he expressed himself about the Romish hierarchy in a manner that strongly resembles the stand which the great Reformer of old took against the Roman Catholic church. Since he is excommunicated it remains to be seen whether he is made of the same stuff as Dr. Luther, and dare repeat his immortal words, "Here I stand, I can not do otherwise; God help me!"

TURN the rascals out! Another republican office holder who should have had his walking papers ere this has turned out to be a rascal. His name is Oscar Jewel Harvey, hailing from Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, where his career had been a checkered one ever since the death of his father about 16 years ago. Through the influence of several influential Republicans of this state and on the ground of his natural intelligence and excellent education he got a position in the United States Treasury department. But lo, when in the words of the lamented Hendricks the "Books were opened" the young man's accounts were found to be very crooked and as great and honored Tilden advised that "Reform is necessary" Oscar had to leave instanter. No doubt, upon full investigation the accounts of several other Republican department officials would be found in a similar condition. Harvey's democratic successor is Austin H. Brown, and we venture the opinion that he is an honest man.

GRAND ARMY REPUBLIC posts always were considered non-political organizations and that is one of the reasons why the order prospered and met with success in all their undertakings. Late developments however threaten to put the grand army in a different light, unless the members of the order resent the unwise and ridiculous behavior of a few of their leaders whose mean partisan spirit gets the better of them. The quicker the G. A. R. puts such men as Fairchild and Tuttle in the shade the better for the order. They and their hangers-on have done lots of mischief already by their unjust and unreasonable attacks upon President Cleveland. Ever since the president vetoed the so-called "pauper pension bill," a vetoe which commanded the approval of every right-thinking American citizen, several of the political place hunters, who unfortunately belong to the G. A. R. order are antagonistic and the recent unpleasantness about Cleveland's invitation to attend the St. Louis encampment is nothing more or less than the result of their brawling. Cleveland with his usual good judgement and sense of right firmly declines the invitation which came from the citizens of St. Louis, and in a letter to the mayor of that city states his reasons in a manly and noble manner. He expresses his regret at the unfriendly feeling which some of the G. A. R. posts foster against him on account of an official act which his sense of duty and justice dictated him to do, and which he is not afraid to lay bare to the scrutiny of any soldier.

He does not fear the threatened insults in case he would attend the encampment, but he will not consent to have his presence there prove an obstacle to the general success of the encampment. His letter is a noteworthy document and will make Cleveland a host of friends and admirers, even among the veterans. The soldier-politicians who exhibit such a hateful spirit as to threaten open insult to the chief executive of this Republic forget that they once fought to establish peace and that their partisan feelings will bring disgrace upon themselves and throw a reflection of disloyalty upon the order to which they belong.

Again we heard from those noisy G. A. R. politicians when they expected to make campaign capital out of President Cleveland's well-meant order to return the confederate flags. The cry they raised was intended to incite the indignation and wrath of the whole country. But it failed, and the harsh expressions and rash words recoil upon those who used them. The country at large cares but little what becomes of the flags so long as the North and South enjoy the peaceful union which was established at the time the flags were captured.

To cut a long short there remain but two things to do for the G. A. R. men, viz., either to discard those blatherskites who wish to use the order for political purposes, or else run the risk of forfeiting the honor and safety of the Grand Army of veterans of the late war.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, July 11, 1887.

To show the vanity of all the speculation as to the successor of the late Justice Woods, it is only necessary to mention the fact that as the new Justice cannot take his seat on the Bench until he is confirmed by the United States Senate, so that it is not at all probable that the appointment will be made before Congress meets in December, for as the old saying goes, the President does not believe "in crossing a bridge till he gets to it."

The President's abandonment of his proposed visit to St. Louis, is a theme of absorbing interest and discussion, and volumes *pro* and *con* have been written and spoken about it. The President's action has had two opposite effects with Grand Army men; one faction plumes itself in having repulsed the President, while the other reluctantly yields him respect and admiration for his resolute moral courage, which so far, has been equal to every requirement throughout his illustrious career. The next day after the appearance of President Cleveland's letter withdrawing his acceptance of his St. Louis visit, 150 members of General Lander post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Lynn, Mass., called upon the President, gave him three ringing cheers and were warmly welcomed to the White House by a patriotic speech from the President.

Under the authority of Congress, Senator Cockrell is drawing to a close his investigation of the methods of conducting the business of the various Departments and it is hoped that if no other beneficial result is secured, provision at least will be made for the settlement of the accounts of disbursing officials before grim death cheats the penitentiary.

The colored people of the South are coming forward as complainants before the Interstate Commission in a renewed effort to secure their so-called "civil rights" by forcing themselves to ride in "de same cyar wid de white folks." I think it would be well to dub the Commission, "The Grand High Court of Complaints," as scarcely a day passes without every conceivable sort of protest and petition being gravely presented for their consideration. Despite the great clamor raised by the railroads against the alleged ingenious effects of the Interstate act, it would be well to note the significant fact that the net earnings of the principal roads for the month of June, 1887, is greatly in excess of the sum earned during the same period last year. No better argument could be adduced in favor of the law.

A great sensation was created in the Treasury by the arrest of Oscar J. Harvey, chief of a Division in the Second Controller's Office, for forgeries amounting to $9,200. The defaulter had prepared his papers to forge accounts amounting to $52,800, and the only thing that prevented him from realizing the sum was the delay of Congress in making the appropriation—it certainly would have been made but for the detection of Harvey's steal, because it is a portion of the Deficiency Appropriation. After being confronted with the evidences of his crime, the wretched man broke down and confessed all. The penalty is $1,000 fine or ten years imprisonment, or both in each case, and there are a hundred cases or more.

Mrs. Pickett, widow of the Confederate General and hero, has returned from Gettysburg, where relatively speaking, her reception was as warm as that of her distinguished husband twenty-four years ago. Mrs. Pickett spoke with pride of her great ovation, and in greeting your correspondent she exhibited her right hand worn through the skin by the hearty shakes of the gallant and generous Union Veterans. In speaking of that memorable and historic event she was almost moved to tears.

The crank, Huba, the man who was arrested for threatening President Cleveland's life has been confined in the Hospital for Insane as a dangerous lunatic.

As a bit of welcome and encouraging news to all good Democrats, I will mention the fact that Washington's Republican post-master will give place to a Democrat in a short time.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland are en route to New York to attend the Clinton celebration and visit several other places and the trip will doubtless be one of much pleasure and interest to the people as well as their honored guests.

In his frenzied zeal to manufacture a little more bloody shirt political capital, the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, telegraphed his paper that Secretary Endicott, smarting under his responsibility for the battle flag folly, had ordered that no matter be furnished the press from the War records, without the Secretary's special inspection and permission. And after the Secretary had positively denied the statement, the correspondent reiterates the charges and accuses the Secretary of falsehood.

The U. S. Treasury Robber Oscar Jewel Harvey.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 11.—Oscar J. Harvey, who was arrested the other day on a charge of having defrauded the government of $11,700., in his capacity of "cheif of the horse claims division" of the treasury department hails from this country. He is a red hot republican. We have battled with him here in a half dozen campaigns. He was appointed through the efforts of a number of republicans, and ex-Governor H. M. Hoyt was one of the number. On the back of Hoyt's letter to the secretary of the treasury is a strong endorsement by Hon. Samuel Randall. After Harvey's appointment the democrats of this county made a strong protest and Representatives Storm and Curtin looked the matter up. Representative Connolly, of Lackawana, also inquired into it. These congressmen were shown Mr. Randall's endorsement on the back of Hoyt's letter and that was the end of the matter so far as they were concerned Harvey's record at this place was very unsavory. He has heard the word "forgery applied to himself in open court. Judge Garrick M. Harding in two cases in the courts of this county so spoke of him. Mr. Randall's letter is on file in the treasury department.

Miscellaneous News.

Post-Office and Store Robbed.

NEWTON, Pa., July 10.—The Holland post-office and store of Joseph Finney, on the Newton railroad, Bucks Co., was broken into last night. The safe was blown open and about $300 were taken, besides a quantity of stamps and merchandise.

The Coal Oil Can Again.

LEWISTOWN, Pa., July 5.—Mrs. Albert Kemerling was burned to death this afternoon by incautiously pouring coal oil into the stove to start a fire supposing that there was no fire in it. Enough remained, however, to ignite the oil and burst the can in her hands. Her husband's hands and arms are terribly burned.

A Wisconsin Town Scorched the Loss Aggregating $500,000.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 10.—A Hurley, Wis., dispatch says: A fire broke out on the stage of the Alcazar theatre last night, and in an hour the entire business portion of the town was in flames, while seventeen persons perished in the theatre. The charred remains of nine people have been taken from the ruins. The loss is fully $500,000.

A Woman Mangled by a Mower.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., July 6.—Benjamin T. Miller, a prosperous farmer several miles from this borough, was operating a mowing machine, when the horses became unmanageable, and his wife went to his assistance. She was knocked down and the machine went over her, causing terrible injuries. The sharp knives lacerated her body in a number of places, and she is in a critical condition.

PEAK'S DEATH SENTENCE.

To be Hanged on the 1st of September next.

Barclay Peak, the country lad who murdered his cousin pretty Katie Anderson stood up in Mount Holly's Court House and heard his death sentence. Judge Parker refused Peak a new trial and then comdemned him to die on the first day of September. The crowd that filled the Court house when the sentence was imposed rivaled the biggest that gathered in the old building during the three eventful weeks that Peak was on trial for life.

Storm in the Cumberland Valley.

CARLISLE, July 9.—One of the most terrible storms known to the memory of the oldest inhabitant raged last night in Monroe and South Middleton townships, this county. Trees were blown down, fences laid flat, crops destroyed. The house of George W. Souders, a farmer in Monroe, was struck by lightning, which broke off the copper conductor, tore a large hole in the wall and set the house on fire. In South Middleton Joseph Dewalt, a farmer, had a valuable horse killed. At Brandt's Station fences, forest trees and a number of orchards were laid flat. At Springfield hail fell as large as beans and the corn and tobacco crops were riddled full of holes. Great damage was also done in other parts of the country.

Veterans in Camp.

GETTSBURG, Pa., July 10.—The Army encampment is in full blast here to-day The camp is filled with veterans and bright with flags. The attendance of the visitors, however, is hardly as large as last year. At ten o'clock this morning divine services were held at the rostrum in the National cemetery. The sermon was preached by Department Chaplain Rev. John W. Sayers, who took as his text, "What Shall it Profit Man, if He Gain the Whole World and Lose his Own Soul?" The sermon was listened to by a large assemblage of veterans, visitors and citizens. This evening at 6 30 the usual dress parade took place, which was followed by "song service," by the veterans. Monday morning the business meeting was held and after that a reunion of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania cavalry. At 6 30 o'clock the usual dress parade was held which was followed by a display of fireworks and a sham battle. For more than an hour the roar of fire crackers and the rush of rockets entertained the crowd of spectators who covered the hill. A concert by the Frankford closed the day.

ALL THE HOTELS CLOSED.

HUNTINGDON, July 9.—To-day the proprietors of the leading hotels here, including the Leister house, Hotel Brunswick, Franklin House, Washington Hotel and Mobus House, whose applications for license to sell liquor, were refused last April, and whose appeal to the Supreme Court has been held over until September, decided to close their hotels against all transient and regular boarders indefinitely, to take effect on the 18th inst. Each landlord qualified himself under oath to live up to the agreement, which shall not be changed unless by the unanimous consent of the parties interested.

The regular boarders at all the hotels who have been notified to leave at once are greatly distressed by reason of their inability to find suitable lodging places elsewhere. Many of them are being taken care of by personal friends. The landlords justify their action by declaring that without license they cannot afford to keep their houses open. It is feared that the success of the proposed celebration of the county's centennial anniversity, to be held in September, will be seriously interfered with in consequence of the hotels being closed to the public.

—John have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment: What woman? That woman picking Grapes for Speer's Wine. Just see her in another column and read about it, the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and equal to the best in the World. The Board of Health in Large Cities and leading Hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

Rome's Blow Descends on Dr. McGlynn's Head.

NEW YORK, July 10.—That which has been a matter of rumor for several days is now a proclaimed fact. The fiat has gone forth, and this day Dr. Edward McGlynn stands excommunicated within the full meaning of the word.

The decree made public yesterday was prepared Friday last in accordance with a simple notification from Rome received during the week that the forty days of grace allowed to Dr. McGlynn had expired and that the decree should be published in the official Catholic newspaper.

This, which is called the major excommunication, cuts off Dr. McGlynn from the church altogether and places him in the position of a heathen. It deprives him of all sacraments, sacrifices, sacred offices, benefices, dignities, ecclesiastical power, jurisdiction, and sepulture and of all the rights he requird by baptism, It is also ordered that should he persevere in the same course as heretofore he will suffer the dread penalty of being deprived of Christian burial when he dies.

One Hundred Lives Lost in the Swiss Town of Zug.

BERNE, July 6.—A terrible disaster has befallen Zug, the capital of the canton of the same name, and many families, not only of that place, but in other parts of Switzerland, are in mourning. Much of the city faces upon the lake, and to make the buildings more secure new quays were built along the front. On Tuesday night, while the inhabitants were asleep and without a sound of warning half of the new quays slid into the water, followed by forty houses. In addition to these a crowded Inn and the Hotel Zurich, a four-story structure, filled with visitors from various portions of the country, vanished entirely. So far as can be learned one hundred lives were lost, though it is impossible to tell at the present time the exact number of casualties.

The cause of the disaster is not known, as the quays were supposed to have been built in the strongest and most workmanlike manner. It is believed, however, that the washing of the water undermined the masonery. The scene at the time of the accident was appalling. Hundreds of people were struggling in the water and their cries were heartrending. Willing hands were soon engaged in saving those who could not save themselves, but those in the hotel had but little chance, as the building went to the bottom and was covered by the sliding earth.

A DESPERATE CHARACTER.

The Murderer of Dr. Wagonseller Stabs Another Man—His Former Trial.

SUNBURY, July 5.—Samuel Drumheller, a wealthy farmer was stabbed in the eye with a knife by George Wenrich in the National hotel, in Selinsgrove, last night during an altercation from the effects of which he will die, Wenrich has just finished ten years' term in the pententiary for killing Dr. Wagonseller, of the same place.

SELINSGROVE, Pa., July 6.—George Wenrich, who stabbed Samuel Drumheller on the Fourth of July evening was arrested late last night and taken to Middleburg this morning. He gave the officers considerable trouble before they captured him.

[The trial of this man Wenrich for the killing of Dr. Wagonseller occurred in Middleburg, Snyder county, about fifteen years ago. It excited great interest throughout that whole section of country because of the prominence and popularity of Dr. Wagonseller. He was a gentleman of means and large political influence, commanding the respect of all who knew him The family of Wenrich had by some means created more or less feeling in his behalf and there was some fear that there might be a miscarriage of justice. In order to ensure a thorough and vigorous prosecution the friends of Dr. Wagonseller secured the professional services of A. J. Herr, of the Dauphin county Bar. The defendant retained a long array of eminent counsel, among them being Hon. Andrew Dill, Linn and Zeigler. Judge Bucher presided in court. The trial occupied several days and nights, ending in the conviction of Wenrich for murder in the second degree. It was a *cause celebre*, and the tradition of many of the exciting events attending it are still vivid among the people. One of the most affecting scenes was when the counsel for Wenrich placed at his side a young and beautiful girl to whom he was engaged to be married, and his counsel made a pathetic appeal for mercy for the prisoner on account of this Blade o' Grass, as he called her. The jury and spectators were deeply affected, and it looked as if sympathy would turn the scales in favor of his client. But Mr. Herr, in a most powerful address that awed and thrilled every one who heard it, as he depicted the awful crime of murder, the desolate home of the dead man and his agony in the terrible death he suffered, soon turned the sympathy from the living to the dead and won a conviction, which at first seemed hopeless. This the last crime of Wenrich shows that he is a desperate man, and deserved the penalty inflicted for the murder of Dr. Wagonseller.

A Town Destroyed by Fire.

ERIE, July 5.—A special to the Dispatch says: At 9 30 p. m. a fire started in what is known as the old Snow planning mill at Clarendon, seven miles east of Warren, on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad and shortly afterwards another was seen issuing from the Weaver hotel, owned by John Mahoney. There was a brisk wind blowing and the fire swept over the frame buildings like a whirlwind. The fire department being small and unable to cope with the two fires, appeals for aid were made to Warren. A steamer and hook and ladder truck and two full fire companies were sent, arriving at Clarendon at 11. 30. Every effort was made to save the town, but the depot of the Philadelphia and Erie railroad was the only building of consequence saved The area burned over is about 20 acres. The value of the buildings destroyed is $350,000, roughly estimated, while the insurance is small. Adjusters are now on the ground. It is estimated that 1,100 people are homeless to-night; some are camped out at Clarendon while some have been taken to Warren, from which place provisions were sent. Rough lumber is being sent to Clarendon as fast as possible in order that shelter may be provided for those burned out.

It is now well established that the fire was of incendiary origin. Public rumor at Clarendon says that two weeks ago when the liquor licenses were refused to all applicants in Warren county, Mahoney, proprietor of the Weaver house, threatened to fire the town if the decision of the court was not reversed in two weeks. This morning after the fire burned out, citizens looked about for Mahoney, for one of the fires started in his room in the hotel, but he was not to be found. A warrant charging him with arson was sworn out and searching parties scoured the surrounding country to apprehend him. He was found hiding in the woods six miles from Clarendon and because lynching was feared he was taken to Warren to jail. A charred skeleton was found in one of the rooms of the hotel and is supposed to be that of a hack driver named Sullivan who is missing. He was seen about the hotel early in the evening drunk.

Flames Complete the Work of Destruction at Clarendon.

ERIE July 6.—The remaining portion of the town of Clarendon, in Warren county, which was visited by a conflagration on Tuesday morning which almost entirely swept it out of existence, was again the scene of destructive flames to day. After the relief firemen from the surrounding towns had returned, supposing to be done, fire was discovered in the woods south of the town. No apprehension was felt, as it was thought the direction of the wind would naturally keep it away. This afternoon, however, it changed, and blew strongly directly from the fire to the town. In a short time the oil wells, derricks, tanks and houses of Patrick Connor were on fire. The wells, tanks and buildings owned by Beatty Bros., of Warren, were soon in flames, and the fire had even taken a hold upon some of the rough shelter sheds.

Five wells, ten tanks and over thirteen houses belonging to the Anchor Oil Company had been fired and the oil was literally flowing a burning river down the hillside and past the edge of the burned town, consuming some of the tents and sheds. The firemen by superhuman efforts turned the course of the streams of liquid fire, conquered the flames and finally left for their homes at 9 o'clock to-nigot. The fire is still burning in the woods, but a large force of watchers is present to fight it at every point.

A corrected statement of the houses burned, based upon actual count received to-night, places the number at 281. The loss is $363,000, and the insurance falls short of $100,000. There are now but seven houses left in the town. Not one place of business is left All is a black, smouldering ruin. John Mahoney, the incendiary was taken from jail this morning and given a hearing. He was bound over to appear at court to answer to the charge of arson, but was afterwards released under heavy bail and is now at large.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs: had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery.

Trial Bottles free at J. Eisenhuth's Drug Store.

HALL'S

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors,
Toledo, O.

P. S.—Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

CATARRH CURE.

Announcements.

The following are the prices charged for announcements in this paper: Sheriff, $5.00; Treasurer, $5.00; all other offices, $3.00.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce JOHN RISHEL, of Potter township, as a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce JOHN NOLL, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JOHN P. CONDO, of Gregg township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce J. ADAM HASEL, of Spring township, as a candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce ANDREW J. OCKER, of Miles township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce WILLIAM ISHLER, of Benner township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JOHN Q. MILES, of Huston township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce J. J. HOY, of Marion township, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce S. F. KLINE of Howard borough, as a candidate for Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JAMES KIMPORT, of Harris township, as a candidate for Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JACOB EISENHUTH, of Millheim Borough, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JOSHUA T. POTTER, of Potter township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH SMITH, of Gregg township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE W. SPANGLER, of Potter township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce A. B. HERD, of Philipsburg, as a candidate for Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce G. W. RUMBERGER, of Unionville, as a candidate for Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce W. J. CARLIN, of Miles township, as a candidate for Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JOHN A. RUPP, of College township, as a candidate for Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce A. STERNBERG, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce D. L. ZERBY, of Millheim Borough, as a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce W. GALER MORRISON, of Worth township, as a candidate for Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic County convention.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce A. J. GRIEST, of Unionville, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JACOB EMERICK, of Penn township, for commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce M. S. FIEDLER, of Haines township, for Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned will sell at public sale, on SATURDAY, JULY 23D, 1887, on the premises, one mile southwest of Rebersburg, Pa., the following real estate, being the property of Miss Mollie Frazier:

SEVEN ACRES OF LAND, two acres of which are in a good state of cultivation. Thereon erected a DWELLING HOUSE, good Stable, and other necessary outbuildings. The remaining five acres are covered with good oak and pine timber. The tract will be sold as a whole or in part to suit the purchasers.

Sale to begin at one o'clock, p. m., when terms will be made known.
JOHN WOLF,
Agent.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Rebecca Fraser, late of Miles township, deceased, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly proven for settlement.
JOHN WOLF,
21-6t Administrator.

TO CONSUMPTIVES

USE WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA, For **Consumption, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis**, and General Debility it is an acknowledged Specific Remedy. **Try it.** Price $1 and 2$ per bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
162 William Street, New York.
Sold by Druggists. 27-4t Send for Circular.

HIRES' ROOT BEER.
IMPROVED

Package, **25** cents, makes **5 gallons** of a delicious, sparkling, temperance beverage. STRENGTHENS AND PURIFIES THE BLOOD. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers. 25-4t

To Regulate

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious substance, but is purely vegetable.

It will Cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach.

If your Liver is out of order, then your whole system is deranged. The blood is impure, the breath offensive; you have headache, feel languid, dispirited and nervous. To prevent a more serious condition, take at once Simmons

LIVER REGULATOR. If you lead a sedentary life, or suffer with Kidney Affections, avoid stimulants and take Simmons Liver Regulator. Sure to relieve.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will feel relieved and sleep pleasantly.

If you are a miserable sufferer with **Constipation, Dyspepsia and Billousness**, seek relief at once in Simmons Liver Regulator. It does not require contioual dosing, and costs but a trifle. It will cure you.

If you wake up in the morning with a bitter, bad taste in your mouth,

TAKE Simmons Liver Regulator. It corrects the Billious Stomach, sweetens the Breath, and cleanses the Furred Tongue. Children often need some safe Cathartic and Tonic to avert approaching sickness. Simmons Liver Regulator will relieve Colic, Headache, Sick Stomach, Indigestion, Dysentery, and the Complaints incident to Childhood.

At any time you feel your system needs cleansing, toning, regulating without violent purging, or stimulating without intoxicating, take

Simmons Liver Regulator.

PREPARED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SPEER'S
GRAPE WINES,

ALSO

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

Used in the principal Churches for Communion. Excellent for females. Weakly persons and the aged.

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST FOR INVALIDS.

Speer's Port Grape Wine!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards, and left hang until they shrink and become partly raisined before gathering. Its invaluable

Tonic And Strengthening Properties

are unsurpassed by any other Wine. Being produced under Mr. Speer's own personal supervision, its purity and genuiness, are guaranteed by the principle Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child and the weakest invalids use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various aliments that effect the weaker sex.

It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice.

Is the juice of the Oporto Grape, preserved in its natural fresh, sweet state as it runs from the press by fumigation, and electricity, thereby destroying the exciter of fermentation. It is perfectly pure, free from spirits and will keep in any climate.

Speer's (Sociaite) Claret.

Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine, especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry

Is a wine of a Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy.

IS A PURE distilation of the grape, and stands unrivaled in this Country for medical purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, similar to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Passaic N. J., is over the cork of each bottle.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS WHO KEEP FIRST CLASS WIMES

Platt's Chlorides
THE HOUSEHOLD
DISINFECTANT

An odorless, colorless liquid, powerful, efficient and cheap. Immediately destroys all bad odors, purifies every impure spot and chemically neutralizes all infectious and disease-producing matter.

INVALUABLE in the sick room. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Quart bottles 50 cents.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial system.

Any book learned in one reading.

Recommended by MARK TWAIN, RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Dr. MINOR, &c. Class of 100 Columbia Law students; two classes of 200 each at Yale; 400 at University of Penn. Phila., and 400 at Wellesley College, &c., and engaged at Chautauqua University. Prospectus POST FREE from
27-4t PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The Best Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Inward Pains, Exhaustion. Combining the most valuable medicines with Jamacia Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and the distressing ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging thousands to the grave who would recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It is new life and strength to the aged. 50c. at Druggists. HISCOX & Co., 163 William Street, N. Y.

DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful **CURE** at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.
T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City.
25-4t.

Write TO CLARK'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
ERIE, PA.,
for circulars. The best school in America. Fall term begins Aug. 30. Mention this paper.

YOUNG MEN

Educate for Life

AT THE

Williamsport ‡ Commercial ‡ College.

Satisfaction or Money Refunded.
27-4t Address F. M. ALLEN, Williamsport, Pa

SEASONABLE NEWS

I wish to inform my customers and the public in general that I have opened the Spring and Summer Season of 1887 with the

—LARGEST ASSORTMENT—

OF TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED

HATS AND BONNETS

AND ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

FASHIONABLE ✝ MILLINERY.

BEST SELECTION OF TRIMMINGS, &C.

I respectfully invite your patronage, assuring you that both my goods and prices will suit you.

ANNA M. WEAVER, Millheim, Pa.

OUR GOODS SHALL SPEAK

The object of this advertisement is not to tire you with a lengthy list of articles but simply to attract your attention to the arrival of our enormous stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

We know that nothing that we can say will interest you enough to listen. Therefor we'll let our goods and our very low prices speak for themselves. All we ask is that you come within hearing distance. We will not enumerate goods because they must be seen to be appreciated. Comparison will show that in variety and taste our goods are

FAR ABOVE THE AVERAGE

offered elsewhere. Again, you will find that our prices are jnst as low as the lowest asked by other merchants. The fact that we mean what we say will be apparent as soon as you enter our establishment. Last, but not least by any means, you will find our store brimful of everything belonging on the shelves of a first-class gneral merchandise house.

D. S. KAUFFMAN & CO.
MAIN ST., MILLHEIM, PA.

DO YOU WANT THE EARTH?

HATS,	I can't give you that, but I can give you the nicest and tastiest	*BONNETS,*
HATS,	**HATS AND BONNETS** on earth, if you come in good season to select from an elegant stock of	*BONNETS,*
HATS,		*BONNETS,*
HATS,	**S. Elmos, Hidalgos, Dagmars Wakfields, Oakviews, Mountaineers**	*BONNETS,*
HATS,	and a lovely lot of Children's Hats, among them	*BONNETS,*
HATS,	**LAKEGEORGE**	*BONNETS,*
HATS,	Also a splendid Assortment of	*BONNETS,*
HATS,	Flowers, Feathers, Lace, Ribbons and Trimmings	*BONNETS,*
HATS,		*BONNETS,*
HATS,	of every description. Any style hat trimmed in the latest and most fashionable way. ☞ Ladies are respectfully invited to call at my place, **Main Street, Millheim, Pa.,** near Campbell's Store, where they will always receive prompt and satisfactory attention.	*BONNETS,*
HATS,		*BONNETS,*

LYDIA C. BRUMGARD.

JUST :: OPENED!

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that she has just opened

AT AARONSBURG,

—A FINE STOCK OF—

MILLINERY GOODS.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and see my goods.

My prices will convince you that it is to your interest to patronize me.

☞ Shop in J. G. Meyer's residence, opposite the Hotel.

SADIE E. GROVE.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JULY 14TH 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

Local Paragraphs.

—Try us for fine job printing.

—Dog days begun on Sunday and will continue until August 22.

CHOICE BRICK.—The undersigned has for sale a lot of choice brick.
C. C. LOSE, Rebersburg, Pa.

—Mrs. W. G. Rook and children, of Berwick, were in town a few days last week.

—Several communications were unavoidably crowded out of this week's paper.

—Fred Carter, and daughter, of Penn Hall, spent a day among friends in Millheim last week.

—John Kauffman, of Fisher's Ferry, arrived in town on Tuesday, to pay a visit to relatives.

—Huckleberries are in the market at 5 and 6 cents per quart and the crop is reported to be very good.

—There will be services in the Lutheran church of this place next Sunday evening at the regular hour.

—The M. E. festival over the Fourth was well patronized, the net proceeds amounting to something over $100.

—If one or several of our town subscribers would return the JOURNAL of June 16th we would esteem it a favor.

—J. H. Read, one of Miles township's most esteemed citizens, gave the JOURNAL office a pleasant call on Tuesday afternoon.

—The many remarkable cures Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes are sufficient proof that it does possess peculiar curative powers.

—Miss Lizzie Wagner, who had been visiting at J. W. Stover's for several weeks, has returned to her home near Mifflinburg.

—Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Reformed, will have services in the U. B. church of this place next Sunday evening at the usual hour.

—The farmers hereabouts are done making hay and report a large crop. At this writing they are busy cutting the golden grain.

—D. A. Musser and A. Walter took the afternoon train east on Monday and returned on Tuesday morning. It was a business trip.

—The U. B. parsonage on Penn street has been improved by a commodious stable which was built on the premises since our last issue.

—John Stover, and wife, of Painter, Mifflin county, were here on a visit to the gentleman's sick and aged mother, Mrs. Margaret Stover.

—Miss Kate Long, and John Long, of Northumberland county, were visitors of their brother E. H. Long, in this place, for over a week.

—Mr. Barr and wife, of Watsontown, were the guests at Geo. L. Springer's residence several days last week. Mrs. Barr is a sister of barber Springer.

—Prof. Louis P. Bierly, who had been to Conyngham, Pa., returned to his home at Wolf's store, where he expects to spend the remainder of the summer.

—The Ladies' Mite Society of the Reformed church at Aaronsburg contemplate holding an ice cream festival in that town on Saturday afternoon and evening, July 30th.

—Editor Harter, of the Middleburg *Post*, spent part of last week in this place among relatives. He also indulged in his favorite sport, fishing, but he failed to report his success.

—Joshua T. Potter, Esq., of Centre Hall, one of the candidates for treasurer, gave this part of the county an overhauling on Monday and Tuesday. Had a pleasant chat with ye editor.

—Not an accident worth mentioning happened to any one here on the Fourth, nor was there an alarm of fire, owing in a great measure to the watchfulness of High Constable Hartman.

—Those who were out in the harvest field last Saturday afternoon and had no place for shelter got a good wetting as the heavy rain came on very suddenly and lasted about half an hour.

—Sugar Valley camp meeting will commence on Monday, August 15th and end on August 20th. Special efforts are being made to make this a more successful session than any heretofore.

—G. W. Rumberger, of Bellefonte, candidate for register, made a few days canvass of this section of the county. Mr. R. has many friends in this place who will not forget him in the pending contest for office.

—That altercation between the cab drivers of our two hotels on Tuesday morning, which finally resulted in blows, raised quite an excitement for a while. Too much bad blood, boys. Keep your peace.

—On Saturday, July 23d, the Lutherans of Aaronsburg will hold a lawn festival in front of Em'l. Ettinger's residence at that place when and where ice cream and many other refreshments will be served. All are invited.

FOR SALE.—The property of John Swartz, Sr., late of Millheim, deceased, situate on North street, is offered for sale. Apply to or address
G. W. SWARTZ, Executor,
Lewistown, Pa.

—Lock Haven had several fires on the Fourth, the most destructive being the one which burned down Dr. Mader's fine residence. Both fire companies of the city were absent at Milton to participate in the extensive celebration there.

QUARTERLY MEETING.—There will be quarterly meeting in the U. B. church of Millheim, on Saturday and Sunday, July 23 and 24. Rev. Clem, P. E., will be present to conduct the services. Preaching on Saturday evening and Sunday evening, Communion services on Sunday morning.

—S. F. Kline, an old citizen and democrat of Howard, Pa., was in town on Tuesday, and called at this office to have himself announced as a candidate for treasurer. Mr. Kline is a ready and agreeable talker and seems a very intelligent old gentleman.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The thirty second session of six weeks open Monday evening, July 25th, 1887 for the teaching and training of young ladies in Vocal and Instrumental Music. Address,
F. C. MOYER, Musical Director,
25-4t Freeburgh, Pa.

NOTICE.—On the 14th of June, 1887, I sold my photographic instruments and fixtures now being in the gallery in Millheim to Bond Fisher and from above date my business connections with said gallery have ceased. T. S. BELL,
27-3t Bellefonte, Pa.

—A new sailor straw hat belonging to the writer's little daughter was taken from the door sill of the JOURNAL office, where it was left lay one evening last week. The person who has possession of the hat is kindly requested to return it to where he or she got it.

—Howard borough had a destructive fire last Thursday morning, July 7th. The hoop mill of B. Lauth & Co's ironworks were burned and the flames communicated to the adjoining wareroom, which building with all its contents, including many patterns was destroyed. The loss is said to be very heavy.

—Our friend F. P. Barker, who lives on the Fowler farm, the first station east of Coburn, had a charitable spell one day last week and brought the hungry printer several mess of new potatoes and cucumbers, the first fruits of the season from his own plantation. Frank's treat is highly appreciated.

—The vacancy created by the death of Judge Smith opens the field for several candidates for the office of Associate Judge of Centre county. The first man heard from is John Rishel, of Potter township, who announces in this week's JOURNAL. Other candidates for the same office are soon to follow.

—The Altoona *Tribune* says: The Pennsylvania railroad company has completed its tests of inventions for heating cars by steam, although it is not prepared to make known the method of operation. The officials assert, however, that in fall they will put it into operation on all passenger trains.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—News reached here yesterday morning of a serious accident which happened at Paddy Mountain Tunnel. Lewis Hassinger, who works on the saw mill at Poe Mills came in contact with a circular saw and had his right hand cut off. Drs. Musser and Frank were taken down to the mills on a hand car and amputated the arm at the wrist.

NEW ICE CREAM PARLOR.—The undersigned wishes to announce that she will conduct an Ice Cream Parlor at her residence on Main street, which will be opened to the public every Saturday evening, when the very best cream, of various flavors, as well as ice-cool lemonade will be served. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. ANNA M. DUCK.

—Any person who wants paying work as local or traveling agent for warranted nursery stock should apply at once to Jas. E. Whitney, nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. No experience is necessary, and complete outfit is furnished free, steady work the year round and all stock warranted to be in good condition. 26-12t

—P. H. Musser, our young jeweler on Main street, we are sorry to say, has been suffering considerably off and on with congestion of the lungs. His condition requires great care on his part and he must avoid all exertions that might overtax his limited strength. His case is not necessarily dangerous and his physician hopes to see him got perfectly well again in course of time.

—On Friday last a telegram from Freeport, Ill. summoned our townsman, W. T. Mauck, to the side of his brother, Joe Mauck, who, it said, was lying on his death-bed at that place. M. Mauck departed on his sad mission the same afternoon. In a letter to his family he informs them that he arrived at his destination safely and that he found his brother much improved, with hopes of recovery.

—Dyspepsia makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

FARMING MACHINERY FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers the following machines for sale: One eight-horse power Separator, motive power on four wheels, One eight-horse power Steam Vibrator, engine and all complete, One eight-horse power Steam Vibrator, entirely new. Having secured these machines at a bargain I can and will dispose of them at very low figures. Address or apply to F. P. VONADA,
25-tf Madisonburg, Pa.

—Two more names have been added this week to our list of candidates. John Noll, of Bellefonte, who some weeks ago was in town to make the acquaintance of our citizens, and John P. Condo, of Gregg township, who is well and favorably known to most of our readers, announce themselves as candidates for the office of high sheriff of Centre county, and request the Democracy of the county to consider their respective claims.

GRAPE CURE ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. Speer, of New Jersey, whose wines have such a well-merited and extended reputation all over this country and Europe, for their age and excellent properties in cases of sickness, and are so famous for their curative properties, is about to build a large Hotel or Grape Cure Establishment on one corner of his vineyard. The House will accommodate five or six hundred guests who are to have the privilege of roaming among the vines, in the morning to pluck the ripe grapes and breakfast on them while the cool dew is yet on.

—Mr. H. S. Krape, of Salona, was in town several days last week, tuning pianos. Mr. Krape is an expert at his business as all who had work done by him will readily testify. He is also a professional teacher of instrumental music and a fine player. He kindly consented to preside at the organ in the Lutheran Sunday school on Sunday morning. He is a very agreeable and intelligent young gentleman, and made a splendid impression on all who met him during his stay here. We hope he will pay frequent visits to this place, either on business or pleasure, and we assure him a warm welcome by his friends every time.

—Miss Carrie Dersham, of Lewisburg, a young lady 18 years of age, lost her life on the Fourth. She had spent the day at Milton and was about ready to return home, but missed the 11 p. m. train on the Reading Road, and while waiting for the two o'clock train at the P. & E. Depot, was struck by the engine of a special train and instantly killed.

—John Cummings, a young farmer living on Sankey's farm in Penn township, placed a rope around his neck the other day with suicidal intent. The timely appearance of one of the members of his family fortunately frustrated his plans. It is said that Mr. Cummings has been afflicted with melancholy for several months past and that he had attempted to take his own life before this.

—Rev. Swengle, of this place, who returned from his visit to Snyder county on Tuesday of last week, has by no means been idle in his high calling during his absence. He tells us that while staying at Troxelville he administered the Lord's supper to a large congregation, on Sunday June 3d. Rev. Swengle is one of the most active and zealous ministers in the Evangelical church.

—G. A. Beaver, son of Governor Beaver, arrived in this town from Bellefonte on Monday forenoon, having made the distance on his bycicle in about three hours. He took dinner at the Musser House and expressed himself surprised and pleased at the business like appearance of Millheim. He rode to Coburn in the afternoon to take the train for Cherry Run where he joined a party of fellow students who are out on a pleasure expedition.

—Watermelons, the very best, just came in at J. W. Stover's grocery.

THE GOVERNOR RILED.—Some crank notified Jefferson Davis in an anonymous letter from Philadelphia that Gov. Curtin had got a notorious criminal out of prison under contract to assassinate Mr. Davis and Davis was crank enough to believe the story, and coward enough to make a great fuss about it. Ex-Governor Curtin in referring to the statement accusing him of such intentions said in anything but a pleasant mood: "It's an infamous lie, and I am astonished that such a thing should be circulated on information received through anonymous correspondence."

—At Gheen & Spigelmyer's—a large assortment of Carpets.

PERSONAL.—Dear Bro. Meek. Ed. "The Central Methodist," Cattlesburg, Kentucky.

I see in the last "Central" that you want a sick headache remedy. I suffered from sick headache, almost from infancy, and tried every remedy I could get, but never found anything to do me good until I used Simmons Liver Regulator. I feel for anyone that suffers with tha. terrible disease, and I hope you will give it a trial.—C. S. MORRIS, Brownsville, W. Va.

—At Gheen & Spigelmyer's they have for sale 800 pair of Shoes, from 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00 up to $4.00.

GONE TO MEET THE HIGHER JUDGE.—Hon. J. R. Smith, one of the associate judges of this county, died at his home at Pine Grove, on Monday morning, July 4th. A disease of the liver caused his death. He was 65 years of age and had practiced medicine in Pine Grove, about 35 years. He was highly esteemed as a physician. In 1885 he was elected associate judge on the Democratic ticket, which position he occupied at the time of his death. He leaves a widow, five sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

—Before very long the biggest and nicest lot of Shoes ever brought to Millheim, will be opened at Musser's Shoe store.

—Complaint has been brought against several young chaps who kept up a continual racket in the vestibule of the M. E. church during services last Sunday evening. They had been ordered to stop by one of the members of the church but the gentleman was hardly out of sight when the unmannerly boys resumed their noisy talk It became so annoying to the minister that he was compelled to stop his discourse until the disturbers of God's worship were ejected. It were about time that an example be made of such unruly boys by giving them a full dose of the law which regulates such matters.

—Women's low House Shoes or Slippers, the most comfortable shoe for everyday wear, cheap, at Musser's Shoe Store.

—The hot weather of mid summer has a weakening effect, both upon body and mind. You feel absolutely incapable of doing any arduous work, and even light duties are performed languidly and unwillingly. This low state of the system causes even greater infirmity, and gives opportunity for serious disease to gain a foothold. In this condition the system is quick to respond to the reviving, quickening, and strengthening effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, regulates the digestive organs, and infuses fresh life and vigor into every portion of the body. People who have taken it write us, saying: "It puts new life right into me." "It makes me young again." Reader, if you suffer from summer weakness, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. 100 doses $1.

—Have you seen them? These very nice Bright Dongola and Curacoe Kid Shoes just received at the Red Front Shoe Store.

—Last week the Messrs. Crawford removed their knitting machines from Luse's planing mill, where they had been running temporarily, to the third story of the new factory building, west of Penn street, the interior of which was finished last week. The engine and boiler, being shipped from Erie, Pa., is expected at Coburn station every day, and when here will at once be set up and encased in the engine house, the shaftings will be put in place and in about two weeks the fifty odd machines will send forth their agreeable hum of industry. The factory hands are all in waiting and ready for business at a moment's notice. If indications do not prove false idle hands will be very scarce in Millheim the coming winter.

—At Gheen & Spigelmyer's in Millheim, they have $8000 worth of goods. Must be sold in 90 days for cash and produce.

—C. K. Sober, of near Coburn, attended a shooting tournament at Elmira, N. Y. on the 1st of July, and came off with the best record he has yet made in glass ball shooting. The Elmira *Daily Advertiser* speaking of the affair says:

Mr. Sober's exhibition was a truly phenomenal one. He shot at 111 glass balls from seventy-eight positions, all of them different and very difficult, and missed only thirteen. Dr. Carver, Buffalo Bill, Captain Bogardus, and many other marksmen have given exhibitions in this city, but none have excelled Mr. Sober's. He shoots at glass balls without taking a sight at them, and shoots accurately. Mr. Sober is a lumberman, living at Lewisburg, Pa., and is not a professional marksman. He says that he does not know how he acquired his skill, but "guesses it was born in him."

—Thirty-three fine game chickens belonging to W. A. Tobias on North street were killed and carried off by a mink last Thursday night. Mr. Tobias succeeded in capturing the thief and of course took the hide off of the rascal.

—The Lewisburg *Chronicle* has a unique way of illustrating *one* kind of religion and cutely leaves its readers to perceive that there is another and better sort of religion. Thus:

John Wanamaker is superintendent of the biggest Sunday school in Philadelphia. That's good. And John Wanamaker is a heavy stockholder in the P. & R. railroad company, and that company keeps thousands of men on the go, every Sunday, with never a chance to go to church, or Sunday school. That's bad. And John Wanamaker is only one out of thousands of such goody-goody men who are ever so good to themselves so long as money streams into their clothes seven days in the week. All this may be right, but, it's funny.

MILLHEIM NORMAL INSTITUTE.—The undersigned will institute an Academic School in the Borough of Millheim, commencing July 18th, 1887, to continue a term of eight weeks. Instructions will be given in all common branches and also in Latin, Greek and Higher Mathematics. Special instructions to those wishing to teach. Excellent location. Boarding reasonable. Those desiring the advantage of an Academic course are cordially invited to attend. For particulars address either A. Walter and S. D. Musser, school-directors, or
F. A. FOREMAN, Centre Hall, Pa.
24 4t W. T. AUMAN, Millheim, Pa.

—The following item we clip from the Harrisburg *Morning Call*, the contents of the article being interesting and the party mentioned being known by many of our readers:

A Very Old Bible.

Adam McAfee, of Market street, among a large number of valuable books owns a very old family Bible, printed in two colors—red and black—illustrated with many quaint wood cuts of three centuries ago. It was prepared for publication by Martin Luther, began in 1522 and finished in 1534. It was printed at Worms, by Michael Milherns. The binding is in stout boards covered with heavy leather and the cover edged with plates of brass. Mr. McAfee purchased it about forty years ago at a sale at "Pinch-gut," a settlement among the York hills, back of Shiremanstown. He refused $50 for the old relic. Mr. McAfee has also another edition of the Bible printed in two volumes, in English, in Philadelphia, in 1760. This copy is in a good state of preservation.

—Capt. William Fitchhorn, an estimable citizen of Mifflinburg, and a veteran of the late war, died at the residence of his father-in-law, John Reighard, in aforesaid place last Monday, aged 45 years, 6 months and 22 days. The funeral will take place to-day, July 14th, at 2.30 o'clock, P. M. We glean the following paragraph from a lengthy obituary notice in yesterday's Mifflinburg *Telegraph*.

For a number of years he was engaged as salesman for a leading Philadelphia house, in which business he proved very efficient and successful. Failing health, however, brought on by exposure in the service, compelled him to quit the business. His illness dates back to the year 1880, and for the past six years he has resided with his father-in-law, Mr. John Reighard, this place, where, from his estimable and affectionate wife, beloved daughter Annie, and sister-in-law, Miss Susie Reighard, and others he has received the most devoted attention and care, besides the best medical aid attainable; but all these failed of saving him from an apparently untimely death.

THE FOURTH AT MILLHEIM AND OTHER POINTS.—Independence Day was ushered in with lots of noise and music at this place. The town clock had just finished the twelfth stroke on Sunday night when the young patriots fired off the first cracker which was the signal for a general fusillade all over town. In a few minutes afterwards the band struck up on the "Star Spangled Banner" and for an hour kept up the spirit of the moment by playing such lively airs as "Rally round the flag, boys, The Red, White and Blue, Hail Columbia," assisted by an embryo drum corps which furnished martial music. People in town could not help noticing that Independence Day had come. As the weather during the day was very hot and the farmers were busy in the hay field there was very little going on before evening, but after six o'clock Millheim began to fill up with people until about 7 o'clock, when the band gave an open air concert on the square, the streets were packed full of people. As previously announced the band proceeded to Penn street as soon as the time had arrived for the fireworks. They marched along their route amidst the glare of illuminating lights and were followed by the immense crowd of people who seemed very anxious to witness the display. It was estimated that the crowd which lined Penn, Centre and Water Streets numbered about 1500 people. The brilliant pyrotechnic display was inaugurated by the successful ascension of a large balloon, with fire works attached, which was followed by a fine lot of rockets, colored mines and candles, fancy wheels and triangles, batteries, &c. &c. It lasted about three-quarters of an hour and was pronounced a fine treat by all who witnessed it. The town was handsomely decorated and several of the business places were illuminated in the evening with chinese lanterns. W. S. Musser's hotel on Main street looked specially attractive. The fireworks being over the rink on Penn street where the ladies of the M. E. Mite society were holding their festival became the centre of attraction and between the band music, cake walks and hundreds of people refreshing themselves at the tables that place presented a very lively appearance for several hours.

As the celebration of the nation's birthday seemed to be a more general one throughout the country this year, Millheim can justly say that they caught a good share of the enthusiasm and commemorated the declaration of independence in a manner highly satisfactory to all.

Centre Hall had a grand day of it. The celebration in that place consisted in fantastic parades, music, basket picnic, orations by Gov. Curtin, Hon. J. B. Linn, and Judge Jno. Orvis, and wound up with a grand display of fireworks in the evening. It is reported that at about 8 o'clock in the morning the town contained more people than at any previous time in its history. A number of Millheim people helped to swell the large crowd there.

Prof. Loisette's Memory Discovery.

No doubt can be entertained about the value and genuineness of Prof. Loisette's Memory System as it is so strongly recommended by Mark Twain, Mr. Proctor, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Buckley, and others. For full details we advise our readers to send for Prof. L's prospectus at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York. From it we learn that the System is taught by correspondence quite as well as by personal instruction. Still we note that colleges near New York have secured his lectures. He has had 100 Columbia Law students, two classes of 200 each at Yale, 200 at Meriden, 250 at Norwich, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at the University of Penn. We cannot conceive how a system could receive any higher endorsement.

—More goods for $1.00 at J. W. Stover's than anywhere else in town.

—J. C. Smith and family were off to Salona over Sunday to visit the lady's parents.

—Rev. Mr. Turner, of Lutherville Seminary, was seen in town one day last week.

—John I. Rankin, Esq., of Bellefonte, was among the guests at the Musser House this week.

—Mr. Daniel Rhoads, of Bellefonte, is mentioned as the Republican candidate for associate judge in this county.

—At Gheen & Spigelmyer's there are three ton of Glass and Queensware. Must be sold in 90 days for cash and produce.

—Millmont, Union county, has now a money-order office. Why can't the Millheim post-office have the same convenience?

—Mr. W. E. Gheen, of Antesford, Pa., the senior partner of the firm of Gheen & Spigelmyer, in this place, was in town last Saturday.

WATCHES, WATCHES, WATCHES!—Just received at J. W. Stover's the finest and most complete assortment of all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry ever brought to this town.

—A. Walter and wife, J. F. Harter and wife, and Wm. Miller and wife, constituted the delegation from this place attending the M. E. centennial at Bellefonte on Sunday.

—The lamp post on the corner of Main and Penn Street was ornamented yesterday by barber Hicks, who painted the same in red and white colors. It reminds one of a big stick of candy.

—The nuisance committee of the town council of Millheim wishes to notify all persons who allow canada thistles to grow on or in front of their premises within the limits of the borough to destroy the weed at once, otherwise they will be dealt with according to law.

—We call attention to the commencement of the Normal school in this place next Monday morning. Profs. F. A. Foreman and W. T. Auman succeeded in raising a right fair number of scholars and give assurances of a very successful term. Those who have not yet subscribed should do so at once.

—Something perhaps not so strange after all! When a Chinaman meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands and covers his head. After a bit he rubs his shoulders until he becomes tired and then asks nothing about your health but says, "Have you eaten your rice? Where are you going and what is your business when you get there? How old are you and did you get your shoes at Musser's Shoe Store?"

Obituary.

Maud Irene, daughter of H. F. & Annie Confer, died at Millheim, July 7th, 1887, aged 8 years, 3 months and 27 days. Maud had been the subject of much and severe suffering for upwards of five years, and during that time had been confined to the house a great deal, and when going about it was with difficulty that she could get along. Whenever at all able, she was found at her place in Sabbath school, where she seemed to feel at home and where she is now greatly missed. Maud lingered along, patiently enduring all, but not improving any in health. A number of weeks ago she again had a relapse and continued to fail, suffering very intensely. All that affectionate parents, kind friends and neighbors could do, was done for her, but all to no avail. On Thursday, July 7th, she passed from suffering to rest, and was buried on the Sunday following. Thus another family circle has been broken on earth and a new one begun above. During her long and severe affliction Maud had the sympathy of every one who knew her. The parents have the consolation that while she suffered much her rest is likewise complete. May all so live that the reunion above may be as pleasant as the parting was painful.

Z.

Knights of the Golden Eagle.

Communicated.

At the semi-annual meeting of Centre Castle, No. 169, Knights of the Golden Eagle, of Spring Mills, the following officers were installed: Past Chief, G. B. Crawford; Noble Chief, David Burrell; Vice Chief, Dr Geo. L. Lee; High Priest, P. C. Frank; Venerable Hermit, J. B. Hazelle; Master of Records, J. A. Grenoble; Clerk of Exchequer, Dr. J. R. Allison; Sir Herald, Augustus Kennelly; Worthy Bard, E. C. Housman; Worthy Chamberlain, C. P. Long; Ensign, F. W. Confer; Esquire, J. J. Taylor; First Guardsman, P. D Philips; Second Guardsman, J. L. Grenoble; Trustees, M. L. Rishel, Wm. Yearick and D. Burrell; Representative to the Grand Castle, T. B. Jamison.

This Castle was instituted on the 22nd of March 1887. Being the first in the County it took some time until the object and condition of the order became known. 40 members have been initiated. 4 elected (not yet initiated and 10 applications for membership at the last meeting, several of which, however, could not be considered on account of not being accompanied by the required fee and I woud just here remark for the good of those desiring to join the order that no applications will be considered unless accompanied by at least one half of the imitation fee the balance to be paid on the night of initiation. If rejected the fee will be returned.

This order was introduced into Pennsylvania Oct. 1st 1875, but upto about 1882 very little had been done, showing that the people of Pennsylvania do not go into anything blindly; but after a thorough investigation into the origin and ground-work of the organization, being satisfied that the order is a genuine one, they began work and now the order numbers over 180 Castles and between 20,000 and 30,000 members in this state.

It is considered one of the finest organizations in the county and is represented by some of the best men and highest officers of all the other benevolent and charitable institutions, who do not hesitate to pronounce the order of the Knights of the Golden Eagle second to none.

The object of the order is to promote the principles of true benevolence by associating its members together for the purpose of mutual relief against the trials and difficulties attending life. The order is based upon the most liberal principles consistent with future prosperity and especially adapted for all, be they rich or poor. Its mottoe is, Fidelity, Valor & Honor. It conflicts with no religous or political belief, nor interferes with any duty one owes to his family, self or friends.

This Castle is still receiving members on the Charter fees (3.50) which affords a golden opportunity for all within reach of this Castle to join. This opportunity should be improved at once as the Charter fees may close in a week or two after which it will cost about three times as much.

J. A. Grenoble.
M OF R.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. Eisenhuth.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Buclen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Buclen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by J. Eisenhuth.

MARRIED.

On the 2nd inst., at the house of John Zerby, Spring Mills, by Rev. J. Shambach, Mr. Charles A. Dillet, and Miss Mahala Auman, both of near Spring Mills.

Local Correspondence.

COBURN.

The 4th has come and gone, and with the little rest we have had we are still on board. A number of our citizens took in Centre Hall on the 4th, a few spent the day very pleasantly in the woods, while others went to Millheim. Coburn itself was dull. One would scarcely have known it was the glorious Independence day except for the occasional report of a squib fired by some patriotic boy.

Andy Campbell and Thos. Everett saw the sights at Gettysburg on the 4th. Kurt Strunk took in Milton and reports a large time.

The distillery has shut down for some time. We understand they have about 4000 gallons of whiskey on hand.

Coburn now has a Jumbo as we are informed.

Candidates are becoming thick as flies. It must certainly be paying business to hold an office in Centre county from the great number of candidates after are that office. There will also be an Associate Judge elected this fall, owing to the death of Mr. Smith. We have heard already of two candidates for the office.

Miss Oberdorf, from Mifflinburg, has been visiting at W. H. Kremer's the last week.

Mr. Mif. Moyer, a brother of Mrs. Kleckner, is visiting at the hotel.

Miss Meyer, of Linden Hall, is visiting her brother.

Jno. Weibly and family spent the 4th in Watsontown.

Mr. Weaver has moved into his new house.

Rev. Deitzler was visiting his parishioners here on Thursday last.

Jos. Kleckner is off to Sullivan county on a business trip.

The saw mill at this place is to be shut down this week for a week or two.

The small boys, and the older ones too, now enjoy themselves going in bathing.

We hear the Lutheran Mite Society is to conduct a festival at this place in two weeks from next Saturday.

It is reported that several of our citizens are talking of having an evening's amusement here in the shape of Tub Racing, Pie Eating Contest, &c., some Saturday evening in the near future. Arrangements are also to be made to have the Millheim Band here to enliven the occasion. The affair is to be gotten up for the enjoyment of all, which is right. Woop 'er up, and let us have a good time for once. VALE.

GREENBRIAR.

The Evangelicals held their quarterly meeting in Paradise church and Rev. Pines, P. E., addressed the Sunday school on last Sunday morning.

Harvesting has now fully commenced, but farmers are greatly disappointed, as the crops are not near what they had expected them to be.

Two of our young boys were out watching a deer-lick the other day. But on beholding a bear they were scared so badly as to miss master Bruin.

Daniel Gentzel has the finest field of corn in this section.

Reuben Bracht bought a horse from Wm. Heckman for $160. Reub says it's a three minute horse.

Quite a number of our citizens were witnesses at the lawsuit between Jacob Sankey and Mr. Snook last Saturday at Squire Hering's, Penn Hall.

Miss Laura Herb is staiyng at Penn Hall for a few weeks.

Levi Spigelmyer is confined to a bed of sickness with fever.

One day laat week a horse of Jacob Kerstetter, which was hitched to a hay rake, fell headlong into a ditch. A smashed rake was the only damage resulting from the mishap.

Another racket among the women in Georgetown, ½ mile below this place. Ahem!

Mr. Emanuel Zeigler, of Spring Mills, was visiting in this place over Sunday.

ZITZKA.

AARONSBURG.

The 4th of July passed off quietly in our old burg.

Quite a number of visitors have came and gone since the last issue of the Journal.

E. J. and H. H. Weaver are again off to York state for fattening and stock cattle.

P. Gross Yearick left last week for his home in Philadelphia.

Geo. Burd, son of Levi Burd, from below town, moved into Samuel Beaver's house last week.

Samnel Cronmiller from Mifflinburg is here visiting relatives and friends.

Michael Harper, who has been living at M. M. Musser's for a number of years was moved to the house of H. H. Weaver last week. Mr. Harper is still confined to his sickbed.

Rev. Irey and wife are the guests of the lady's parents, Dr. P. T. Musser, of this place, at present. On Sunday evening Rev. Irey assisted Rev. Deitzler at his services. The attendance as usual was large.

Don't forget the lawn festival on the 23d inst. by the Aaronsburg Lutheran congregation and Sunday school. See posters.

Miss Emma Edmonds closed her school on July 1st with a regular old fashioned picnic in the woods north of town. How the little folks did enjoy themselves, especially so when invited to sit up to the table and eat of the many good things that were prepared for them. In the afternoon their teacher had them recite as was their custom in the school room. The children say with one accord "we like Miss Emma as a teacher.

The third annual meeting of the Reformed Mite Society took place on last Saturday evening in the audience room of their new church. A well prepared article on the workings of the society from its birth up to the present time was read by Miss Emma Jordan. Prof. Auman, of Millheim, was there and in his usual good style performed a part suitable to the occasion. The floral decorations we might say were almost profuse. The ladies of this congregation, forming the Aaronsburg Reformed Mite Society have done very nobly in the past three years. They gathered together about $700 which amount was appropriated to the liquidating of their church debt which, we are glad to say is now almost paid.

ANOTHER.

WOODWARD.

Willie Fisher, and Carl Motz, students at the State College, are passing their vacation in Woodward.

Mertie Wolf returned last Saturday from a two weeks visit to Bellefonte.

J. B. Ard, of Pine Grove Mills, was the guest a few days last week of Dr. Ard.

Jacob Neidig cut from twenty-five acres fifty-four horse loads of hay. Hard to beat.

A number of whortleberry parties have been to the mountain. They report them to be plentiful.

Dora, daughter of David Feese was visiting here last week. ARGENTI.

SMITH TOWN.

Lonesome last week without the Journal.

The Fourth is over and all seem to be satisfied. Some of our folks spent the day in Centre Hall.

H. O. Duck and wife were visiting here over Sunday.

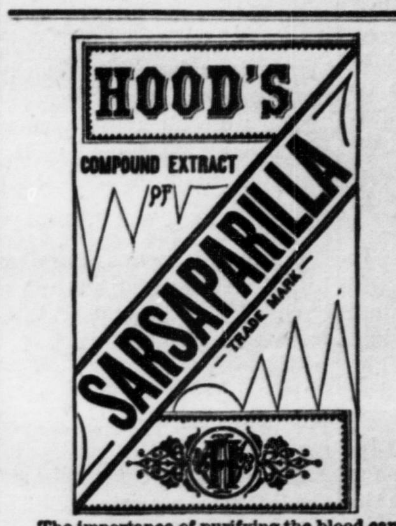
The Spring Mills creamery company begun giving their customers checks in payment for cream. This makes it very unhandy for the farmers and some talk of quitting to sell their cream on that account.

W. C. Duck bought a fine horse the other day.

Haying is over and most of the grain will be cut this week.

Jerry Snook is running a self-binder on full time.

Dr. Musser has a crew of men at work nearly all summer, repairing his farm buildings. They are beginning to make a very fine appearance. JUMBO.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Peculiar **To Itself**

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE.
Next Term begins September 8, 1886.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to students of both sexes, and offers the following Course of Study:

1. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2. A Latin Scientific Course.
3. The following ADVANCED COURSES, of two years each, following the first two years of the Scientific Course: (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Agriculture.
5. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6. A reorganized Course in MECHANIC ARTS, combining shop-work with study. New building and Machinery.
7. A new SPECIAL COURSE (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8. A Carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9. SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of a competent lady Principal.

For Catalogues, or other information address
GEORGE W. ATHERTON, LL. D.,
President
27-29 State College, Centre Co., Pa.

MUSSER HOUSE,

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MILLHEIM, - - - PENNA.

W. S. MUSSER, Prop'r.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

Good Sample Rooms.

☞ *Fine and comfortable Bus running to and from all trains.*

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY ATTACHED.

Fine Single and Double Teams always in readiness for the use of guests.

All the Year Round

THE

JOURNAL STORE

is open and ready for business. Of course during the Holiday season more effort is made on special lines and display, but other times and seasons have their special runs too. Just now envelopes for business men and flower paper for the dear ladies are all the go. But I say again that

"All the Year Round"

I keep a full assortment of

All kinds of School Supplies, Writing Paper,
Sunday School Supplies, Bibles,
Hymn Books, Albums, Toys,
Games, Vases, Blank
Books, Purses,
Money
Books, Tablets,
Dolls, Easles, Fancy
Match Safes, Stamped Linen
Goods. All kinds of Cards, and Many
other fancy articles not found in other stors.

CALL AND SEE. DON'T MISS THE PLACE,

"No 20" PENN STREET,

MILLHEIM, PA.

B. O. DEININGER.

HARNESS & COLLARS,

WHIPS & FLYNETTS,

anything in that line to be had at my shop,

AT THE TOLLGATE, NORTH OF

MILLHEIM, PA.

Harness made to order, and repairing neatly and promptly done.

LOWEST RATES.

☞ Anything not on hand will be cheerfully ordered.

HORSE COLLARS,

especially adapted for farmers' use and all ordinary team work. A STAPLE ARTICLE, at prices to suit all purses.

A call at my place and a trial of my goods will convince you that I deal fairly and squarely.

J. H. WOOMER.

KASKINE

(THE NEW QUININE.)

Science emerging from Darkness.

GIVES
Good Appetite,
New Strength.
Quiet Nerves.
Happy Days.
Sweet Sleep.

A POWERFUL TONIC

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA,
RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine.

"For eight years I had dumb ague intolerably. Wished myself dead a score of times. I never found a medicine worth the bottle that held it, until I took Kaskine. That was a happy day for me. It gave me appetite and strength. I can sleep like a top. I stand by every word of this.—Thos. Toole, Schuylerville, N. Y.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army, and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Mrs. Caroline Asten, Astoria, N. Y., says: "Last winter I ran down so rapidly from malaria that I would faint away sitting in my chair. I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. Using it three weeks I was well. It caused a general getting up of my nature. I think but for Kaskine I should now be dead.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details, will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by or sent by mail on receipt of price.

KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

ELY'S
CREAM BALM
Positive Cure.
IS WORTH
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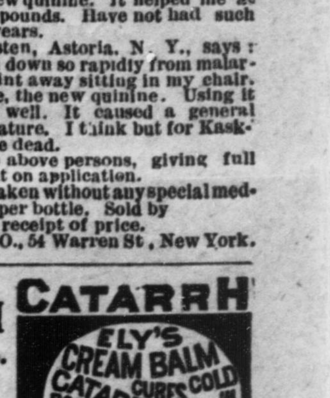
TO ANY MAN
Woman or Child
suffering from
CATARRH.
Not a liquid or snuff.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered 60 cts. Circulars free.

ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y. 21-4t

Have you tried a pair of Shoes yet at J. H. MUSSER & SON'S shoe store, Main street, Millheim, Pa.

STOP and SEE

The largest and finest Assortment of

Groceries

in town. Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage I desire to express my determination to merit a continuance of the same by a low scale of prices and completeness of stock, and in this connection I wish to add that at my store you will find everything in the line of

CANNED GOODS,

CHEESE, STARCH, SYRUPS, SOAPS,

SUGARS, TEAS,

COFFEE, PRUNES, RAISINS, PEACHES, TOBACCO, CIGARS SPICES, CONFECTIONDRY,

PURE DRUGS

AND PATENT MEDICINES, GLASS & QUEENSWARE, COMMON AND

ROLLER FLOUR,

CAKES AND CRACKERS, FRESH OYSTERS, TRUNKS and SATCHELS, WOOD & WILLOW WARE, TINWARE, BRUSHES, OIL CANS, LANTERNS, LAMPS,

Ladies' and Gents' Gold & Silver Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Spectacles.

☞ *I buy largely for cash, and, doing my own work, can afford to sell cheaper and give my friends the benefit, which I will always make a point to do. Remember the place, Main St., Millheim, Pa., and come, see and be convinced.*

J. W. STOVER.

RAGS!

Through the shady woods, where sweet flowers blossomed in wild luxurience, and twisted creepers made an almost impassible barrier, went two children, slowly but surely fighting their way along.

Now and then a ray of sunlight glinting through the trees fell across these pretty bare heads and lovely dusky faces.

Their dresses of rich cream embroidery were gathered about the waist by delicate pink ribbons; bows of the same rosy hue held back their thickly-clustered curls; tiny worked socks and pink kid shoes completed toilettes fit for any young princesses.

But Zoe and Fay Marchmont were not princesses, only two very wilful, thoughtless little girls, who, having escaped from nurse's vigilant eyes whilst she hushed baby to sleep, had run on and on, until, once in the woods all remorse fled in the delight of chasing the bright-winged butterflies.

‘Are you tired ?’ Zoe asked presently, turning to her younger sister.

‘No, not very; but Zoe, will nursie be dreadful angry ?’

Zoe laughed saucily. She did not care what anxiety their absence might be causing to those at home ; a feeling of reckless joy, of intense freedom had taken possession of her.

The pathway became less closely together as they neared the end. When at last the children stepped out into the open road, both paused in silent wonder.

‘Do you know the way ? Shall we be home soon ?’ Fay inquired eagerly; for in spite of her former denial, she did begin to feel a trifle weary.

‘Oh yes ; we only have to go straight up this road; don't you remember ?’

Fay did not remember ever having passed that way before; but she was too obedient and yielding to say so.

Hand-in-hand, scarcely ever exchanging a word, the children wandered along, still hoping to shortly reach their home.

Presently voices fell on their ears—loud, gruff voices such as they rarely heard before. Momentary terror made them pause for one instant, then Zoe, with firm steps, marched on.

‘There are some people in that field ; suppose we go and ask them if we are going the right way ?

‘Very well.’ Fay agreed wearily, though she shrank timidly behind her sister as they neared the huge tent standing in the field.

A party of rough-looking women were washing at a tiny clear spring, shouting to each other all the while ; several sunburnt children lay rolling on the grass, filling the air with their joyous cries.

Zoe dragged poor frightened Fay close to the big tent, near where a tall young girl stood, one brown arm flung around the shaggy neck of a gentle-eyed donkey.

Her pretty face attracted Zoe, and she gazed wonderingly at the long masses of red-brown hair, which fell carelessly about the gipsy's shoulders ; her surprised eyes were full of interest, as the two children approached her.

‘Well,’ she exclaimed, sharply, trying in vain to make her voice less harsh ; ‘what do you want ?’

‘Is this the way to Marchmont Grange ?’ Zoe asked.

The girl laughed scornfully, and dashed the clustering hair from her eyes.

‘I say, mother,’ she cried, mockingly, ‘here are two ladies who have lost their way. Do you know the place they want ?’

‘Wait a moment, Meg, don't frighten the poor mites,’ one of the women answered, and wringing the linen she was washing she spread it upon the grass, and hurried towards them.

With arms akimbo she scanned the children closely for several seconds.

‘What are you doing here ? Why are you alone ?’ she asked.

Zoe smiled, and drew Fay into greater prominence by one swift jerk.

‘We wanted to go for a walk by ourselves but now I don't know which is our road; could you show us ?’ she said, gravely.

‘Which way did you come ?’

‘Through the woods.’

The gipsy hesitated, and for a moment her envious glance was riveted upon the beautiful coral necklaces and shining gold bracelets worn by the little sisters. That look soon changed to an expression of gentle compassion.

‘You ought not to have come out alone ; you might have been robbed and murdered in that lonely wood. Hurry back now, there's dear children, or your mother will break her heart at your loss.’

‘Are we to go again through the woods ?’ Zoe asked, pathetically.

‘I'm afraid so ; I don't like your going by yourselves, but there's no help for it. Run off, dears, it is getting late.’

They turned to obey her, but Fay started back with a stifled shriek, clinging with all her force to Zoe.

‘Oh, Zoe, take him away—he will bite me !’

The cause of her distress, a hungry, ragged-looking dog, came nearer and sniffed their dainty dresses, then gazed up into Zoe's face with a word of gentleness in his big eyes.

‘Dear doggie ! See, Fay, dearest, he won't hurt you—he is quite good,’ Zoe said, soothingly, and she laid her hand caressingly on the dog's big head.

‘Rags never hurt a child in his life, miss; you are wise not to be afraid. A kind word will always win his heart, faithful beast. I don't think he will forget you in a hurry.’

Rag wagged his tail, and gazed knowingly from his mistress to the smiling child. As Zoe dragged rather then led Fay away, the gipsy looked after them kindly.

‘I hope no harm will come to them, poor pretty creatures ! Their mother must be grieving even now at their absence. Hallo ! where's Rags ?’

Meg laughed, and pointed to the lane where two tiny forms were hastening—after them, near, yet keeping out of sight, followed a large dog, which the gipsy recognized as Rags.

‘He is more thoughtful than I,’ she muttered as she turned aside. ‘No harm can happen to them whilst Rags keeps them company.’

Zoe was glad when she found Rags had gone with them ; he guessed so cleverly which way to go, and the easiest spot for them to pass, that the road seemed twice as short.

Once they met a wretched tramp, who fixed his eyes so greedily upon the children's rich clothes, that Fay unconsciously cried aloud ; a savage growl from Rags, and the flash of his fierce fangs was enough to send the man onward, muttering vengeance against the faithful beast.

They were very tired and hungry when they at length reached Marchmont Grange, but their appearance caused intense joy in the house.

‘You naughty, darling children !’ Mrs. Marchmont exclaimed, catching them in her arms and kissing the pretty pale faces over and over again, ‘What anguish you have given me ! Never, never go away like that again.’

‘We were all right, mamma,’ Zoe said calmly ; ‘and dear old Rags knew the way quite well. May we keep him ?’

‘If you like, darling.’

But to this notion Rags noisily rebelled. After eating a hearty meal, and having licked the children's hands in farewell, he whined pitiously to be set free.

‘It is no use, we must let him go,’ Mrs. Marchmont said; but before opening the door she fastened a handsome collar around his shaggy throat, and to this attached a purse well filled with gold. On a slip of paper was written :

‘With love and gratitude from Zoe and Fay.’

You may be sure the gipsies were not displeased when Rags came home, and Meg's mother could not help feeling glad she had resisted her first impulse to rob the children instead of sending them back in safety, as she eventually did.

SOME RAILWAY HUMOR.

A Compilation of Jokes, Good, Bad and Indifferent.

Our most celebrated living art critic, Mr. Ruskin, has a very strong objection to the railway being carried through any district where there is exceptionally beautiful senery; and yet a railway and its stations do not of necessity disfigure the landscape; indeed there are many pretty railway stations dotted here and there over the country. It may be, however that most of the whole number are anything but pleasant places, and it may be concluded that very few of them are places calculated to give much amusement. Still, there is none which may be said to supply both of these requirements. A house near to it was advertised as an eligible summer residence, on both of the above mentioned accounts. “It commands,” said the advertisement, “not only a view of the pretty little railway station, but also of the people who miss the trains.” Thus beauty and amusement.

Railway plant is not very suggestive of humor. Such of the drolltry as one comes across is almost as heavy and quite as lumbersome as the greater part of the plant itself. Surely it must have a serious travail of the mind to bring to light such a conundrum as the following: “Why is a locomotive engine like a comet ? Because it has a head-light and carries a long train.” Of course there are worse jokes, even off the line, but one does not often meet with them. A New York paper is guilty of perpetrating the following: “A Western railroad company is seriously thinking of calling its main road “The Primogeniture Route,” because it is the heir line.”

A very fair attempt at a joke of the lugubrious kind was once committed by a guard on one of the short midland lines. The company was very small and very poor, and it was just a little more than they could do to make ends meet at the yearly day of reckoning. There were not many conveniences for the passengers, and indeed they were not quite so much cared for as the goods in the wagons that were fixed up with the carriages. As for the guard at some of the stations on the line he was ticket clerk, station-master, passenger porter, and goods-porter all in one.

Just before leaving the junction on a certain day, a fussy passenger called him to the window. “Look here, guard,” he said ; “why don't you have foot-warmers in these carriages ? We shall get our death of cold.”

“Well, you see,” responded the guard, “one of the directors is a doctor, another is a chemist, and another is a tombstone mason; and you know in this world people must live and let live. So you see,”——

“All right, guard; go ahead. You ought to have had another director a coffin-maker, and then we could have got a special catastrophe for the benefit of the directorate.

“We aven a coffin-maker amongst them, sir ; but I thought it would be too suggestive to mention him.”

“Ah, well, it is rather suggestive,” said the passenger. “So what do you think of an accident, for the express benefit of your mixed lot of directors ?

“Express, did you say ?” asked the guard. “Ah, you have not been on this line before; or you would not talk like that. Why, sir, we dont go fast enough to come to any harm, even if we ran off the lines; and as for a collision, that is an impossibility, for our only other engine is laid up with a twisted cylinder and a broken wheel.”

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Lived Better

“How's time, Billings ?”

“Good.”

“That so ?”

“Yes. I'm living better than I ever lived before.

“Ah I see. Your wife is keeping boarders.”—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

PRAISE.

Perhaps men are more deficient in this exercise than anything thing else it becomes us to render to God. Prayer is something we are impelled to by the very unbearableness of our circumstances at times, and always by our felt wants. Non-praying men ejaculate a prayer often in their extremity ; it is rare, however, to hear them say, “Thank God.” How surprised as well as grieved we should be, if we could for a little while, from a heavenly standpoint observe the stream of thought and word that constantly flows from earth to heaven. Would it not be a decidedly muddy stream, colored, as it would be, by the murmurings, the cursings, the lusts that fill so large a place in earth's daily life ? How small would be the proportion of that stream which consisted of the pure waters of love, thankfulness and praise. Yet who does not perceive, that in greater volume, a hundred fold, than the smoke that rises from the multiplied fires of busy earth, should be the blessed cloud of incense from praising hearts ?

We do not esteem that friend very highly who brings us nothing but a constant succession of complaints, who never comes to say, “I enjoyed your last kind visit.” ‘Thank you for your gift, it helped me so much,” but repeats the story of old woes, or discourses on some new, real or fancied, sorrow that has come into his life. It seems right and fitting to us that acknowledgment should be made of blessings we have bestowed, and we place that nature low down in our estimation which can not perceive the obligation. There are such men with whom the law of life is, “Take all, give back little or nothing.” And sad to say, the Chief Giver of the universe experiences just this treatment at the hands of very many men and women. We are not deficient in prayer, after a certain fashion, but we are woefully deficient in the grace of praise. It was a prominent characteristic of the early Christians that they “ate their food with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God.” It would be a blessing of the first magnitude if this same spirit was present in every modern Christian breast. When shall we arrive at that point, in a Godly life, that the most common thought of the heart shall be, not, “It is too bad,” or “It is a great pity,” but “Praise God.” That is what the heavenly mind will produce, that is what you ought to aim at.

But, some say, in order to praise we must have something to praise for, and how can a heart that is burdened fail to utter a groan, rather than a word that implies pleasure ? Notice that in their mental exercises men often act as if they had two eyes with seperate and distinct functions, the one capable of seeing only that which is pleasant, the other adapted to seeing only the disagreeable. Now in exercising this power, we are accustomed to close one eye whenever we use the other, so that unmingled sadness or unmingled joy is the felt emotion filling the soul. This is the secret of your being unable to praise God heartily in the worst day your life has ever brought you. It is not that you have nothing to praise for, but your door of happiness you have closed, while you have opened wide the opposite door. Have you never felt rebuked when you have gone to the bedside of pain and have been greeted with a smile ? Perhaps that very morning the temporary disappointment of a shower had driven from your face its smiles, and from your heart the thought of praise.

Can the poor rheumatic sing,
“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,”
while you can walk, and run, and even dance, think you are too much afflicted to sing any song of joy ? Thus do other people's sorrows shame us in our fancied troubles.

In this department of the Christian life, as in all other departments, we ought to be learners. Learn to praise ! Why that ought to be spontaneous and absolutely free-hearted. Yes, it will be when you have planted the spring of praise deep in your nature and have learned to keep your heart's door of blessing always open. Do you teach the voice to sing, and can you not teach the heart the language of praise ? In vain shall we attempt to please God perfectly while our devotions consist in a constant repetition, ‘Grant, Lord—Grant, Lord,’ while we forget to say, ‘Thanks and praise unto thee for thy many mercies.’ The characteristic of heaven as it is revealed to us is praise. Let us wake up to the fact how far we are from heaven, if this is not the characteristic of our life.

Whither are you going, brother ? If you are nearing a land of spices, you should be able to catch some of its perfume on the breezes that come from its shores, and should have the heart to say, ‘How glad I am for this refreshment !’ To sing, ‘Nearer to Thee’ is one thing, to have the experience is quite another thing. Warbling is not always praising. We have many warblers, how many of them are praising hearts ? Count that day a dark one, and an unworthy one, in which your thoughts have not mounted to the throne of God laden with the sweet incense of praise.

A True Picture.

The words quoted below were written 2450 years ago. Is there anyone who will read such an accurate description of man and say that the words are not inspired ? With all the accumulated wisdom of modern times we do not believe that such a perfect picture of humanity could be drawn.

—“There is none upright among men; they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net.

* * * * *

“The best of them is a briar : the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge.

* * * *

“Trust ye not in a friend ; put ye not confidence in a guide; keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom.”

THE TOMBS.

A Look into the Great Prison of the Metropolis.

What is called the Tombs consists of three prisons. The oldest one is the place where criminals of the most hardened sort are kept. It is a long, high, narrow dungeon with four rows of cells, one above the other, and numbering 144 altogether. A box stands at the main entrance and an armed guard protects it. Inside two other guides are stationed. A winding staircase leads to the top of the building, connected with a platform at every floor which extends all around the tier of cells. The first floor is used entirely for maniacs and condemned persons. The right side has borne for many years the title of ‘Murderers' Row.’ Padded cells for persons afflicted with homicidal maniacs, a hospital cell where sick persons are treated, and a penitentiary cell for disciplinary cases occupy the rest of the floor. On the second tier criminals whose offenses are serious but not of the capital grade are kept. These are felons of all kinds. Above them are misdemeanants. When the old Tombs is full, it will hold 288 persons. Its usual census contains about 130 names. It is doubtful if a city prison could be conducted on a better or more humane principle than prevails here. The discipline is necessarily strict but not severe. All the work is done by the convicts who are there for comparatively light offenses, usually ten-day prisoners. These are permitted to take the first ‘help’ at the tables and allowed to eat in comfort. As they could have no possible desire to run away, their term being short and the penalty of attempted escapes being severe, they roam about doing their work without much interference.

As in almost all prisons, so in the Tombs, there are persons wearing the prison garb who are not in actual confinement. I saw an old woman there who was arrested 20 years ago. She is now a confirmed rheumatic, all bent with age and pain and scarcely able to get in and out of the invalid chair where her days and nights were spent. Her face has drawn tranquil and beneficent in its expression. Years ago she committed a great crime to save her husband from disgrace. The jury refused to convict her and disagreed. She stayed on in the Tombs, gradually securing the confidence of the keepers until she lost sight of her friends—or they lost sight of her. She made herself useful to the matrons and declares now that her last days, albeit three feet of rock separate her from freedom, are the happiest she has ever spent.

An old silver-headed man is there, too, whose step and bearing have not lost their dignity despite his suffering and laborious work. He looks as if he might be eighty years old, but the keeper told me that he was scarcely sixty. No one knows much about him now except good old Matron French, who has been there thirty-six years, (and they say the Tombs is not a healthy place), and Deputy Warden Finley, whose record is nearly as long. They never answer questions about the old man, for they would not hurt the old man's feelings for the world. I heard, however, that he had killed a man at the behest of a human tigress many years ago. This old man was tried and convicted. He got a new trial and was reconvicted and got a reversal again. He has never since been tried and there he remains, sad, bowed, but still showing traces of his former grace and strength, sawing and cutting and driving nails, while his heart is being torn with the teeth of a relentless memory.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

True but Remarkable.

“Yes, I'm from Dakota,” he said meekly, as he got into conversation with a man on an Eastern train.

“Ah, is that so ? I am thinking of going out there myself to invest in some farming land.”

“We have some very fine land.”

“So I understand, but are not some of the stories they tell of its fertility exaggerated ?”

“Why, my friend I am sorry to say some of them are downright untruths.”

“That's what I thought. Now what is the most remarkable instance of the fertility of Dakota soil which ever came under your observation ?”

“Well I believe the case of my pump might go at the head of the list.”

“What was it ?.”

“I dug a well about forty feet deep the first season I was there and put down a wooden pump. It happened it was made out of a small cottonwood log which was a little green and the soil at the bottom of that well, forty feet from the surface, was so fertile that the pump took root, and it also grew up and branched out, and now while my children play in a swing attached to one of the branches I pump water through the hole which still remains in the trunk.”

Joys of Pisciculture.

A farmer in the western part of this county built a dam across a creek flowing through his land and made a lake of a piece of low ground. One day last fall, while skirting this lake, he came across a man who was seated on a log with three fish lines out, and he hailed him with:

“Hello, stranger, what are you doing ?”

“Fishing,” was the brusque reply.

“What for ?”

“For fish.”

“Get any bites ?”

“Not a one.”

“Do you know that this lake belongs to me ?”

“Yes.”

“And did anybody tell you that I went to Detroit and bought twenty-four bull-heads, and that all but one died on the way up here ?”

“Yes.”

“Then you know that there is only one solitary fish in this pond ?”

“I do mister, and I'm going to have him before night if the pond doesn't freeze over and cyclones keep away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Traveling With Dead Men.

‘Did you see the item in the papers about a man being found alive in a coffin on a baggage car ?’ inquired a baggageman on the Rock Island road of a Chicago Herald writer. ‘Well, I don't believe it is true. One of the most curious things about the handling of boxes containing corpses is that you are always thinking that you feel the body amoving. I've handled thousands of corpses in my time, and I could never get over that feeling. Many's the time it has taken all my courage and will-power to keep from jumping for a hatchet and going to work ripping a coffin box to pieces, 'cause it seemed just as if the man inside must be alive. I s'pose it comes from a sort of morbid fear that the corpse may be alive, which leads a man to imagining all sorts of things. I've handled boxes that appeared to me there was a live calf inside a-squirming around, or a great big snake moving backward and forward. You've looked at the bodies of dead men, haven't you, and imagined you could see their breasts heave as if they were breathing ? Well, it is in that way that baggagemen think they feel the bodies moving inside the coffin cases. Let me tell you that it is no fun to ride all night in a car, through a wild section of country, with six or eight dead men as your only companions. Of course, we get used to it, and don't mind it so much after awhile, but human nature is human nature, and I venture to say that there's not a man in the business who wouldn't prefer live men to dead ones as traveling companions.’

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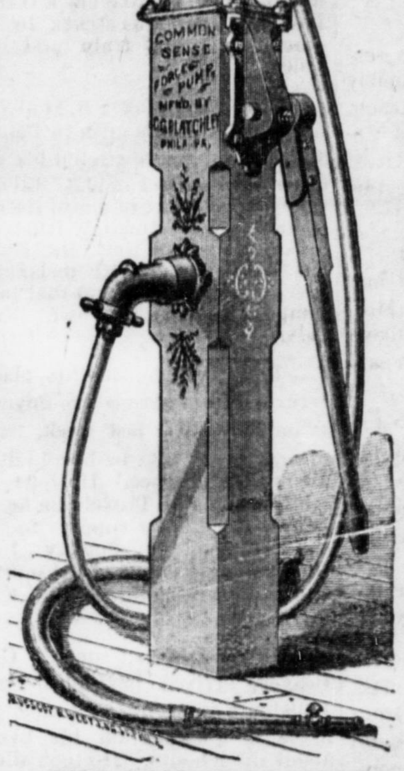

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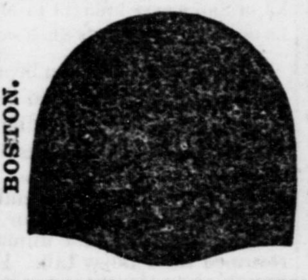

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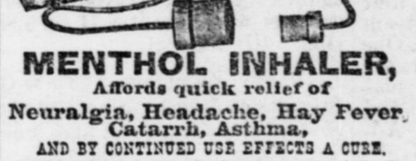

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I desire to call SPECIAL Attention to important points of excellence found only in
THE CHAMPION LAMP.
1. Combustion Perfect.
2. It is the only lamp giving the light of 60 Candles.
3. It is the only Argand which has a current of air circulating between the oil-well and burner thereby preventing over-heating of the Oil and making EXPLOSION IMPOSSIBLE.
4. A SAFETY EXTINGUISHER
5. It is the only lamp that keeps dry clean on the outside
6. It is the ONLY Lamp which Burns ALL the OIL OUT and holds a FULL FLAME when the wick is short, thereby avoids Filling DURING THE EVENING.
Made in all forms, Plain or Fancy, Table or Hanging. Send for Illustrated Circular.
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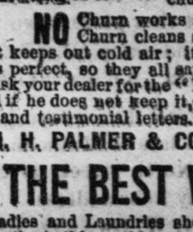

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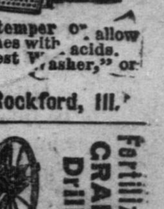

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Don't spoil your hands and temper or allow your laundress to ruin your clothes with acids.
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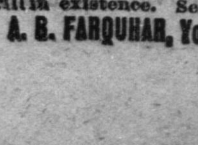

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